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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

The Week.

The corporation-tax amendment to the tariff bill, introduced in the Senate last Friday, is, in outward seeming, a mild-mannered affair. The exemptions allowed are numerous. Losses and depreciation are to be written off before the balance-sheet has to be submitted to the tithing-man. Double taxation is to be partially avoided, since a corporation may deduct any taxes it has paid to any State or Territory—but this does not include municipal taxes on corporations. Nor does there appear to be contemplated, except in unusual cases, anything like inquisitorial methods. The sworn returns of the proper officers of corporations will ordinarily be taken without question, and the tax levied on that basis. These returns are to be public records, open to inspection; but the details of corporate business, or any information gained by collectors in the course of its investigation, shall not be divulged except by "special direction of the President." All this looks—and is meant to look—very harmless. But it is evident that the framers of the tax grew a little timid as they went on. They became afraid of getting too much revenue, as of too much publicity; and also dreaded annoying and offending too many people. The exemption of interest on bonds is difficult to justify, on any other theory. If the corporation tax was taken up mainly because it was expected to be "popular," it is obviously a mistake to exempt bondholders. And all the care taken in drawing the measure will not prevent it, if made law, from provoking a great amount of litigation, to say nothing of trickery and fraud.

We can but hail the glimmerings of common sense shown at last by the Merchant Marine League. At its meeting in Washington last week, which the President attended, the plan was announced of introducing a bill which should provide for a modified form of free ships. That is to say, any foreign-built vessel above 5,000 tons, wholly owned by Americans, is to be admitted to American registry, provided it engages solely in the foreign trade. This is the first time the subsidy-seekers have gone as far as that in the line of rationality. Their great trouble hitherto has been that they did not really want the ships so much as the work of building them. By their burdensome system of taxing and penalizing our industry, they had made the cost of ships turned out from our yards so high that Americans could not buy and sail them in competition with other nations; yet when Americans thought of purchasing steamships made abroad, as do the Germans, they were absolutely forbidden to use their own property under their own flag. If the light has now dawned upon this darkness, it is matter for public congratulation. We are not sanguine about getting free ships without a long and hard struggle. Our protected interests would rather see the American flag banished from the seven seas than allow it to float over plates and engines on which they have not first taken toll. But it is a gain to have the Merchant Marine League finally confess that something besides government boosting must be tried.

The award of the Georgia Railroad Strike Arbitration Board is a gratifying triumph of common sense and common honesty. Seniority of service and not color is the basis recommended for the promotion of firemen; and equal pay for equal work to firemen, hostlers, or hostlers' helpers, employed by the railway, is the award in the matter of wages. How any other result could be arrived at is unthinkable. The South has protested all along that the negro was to be given a fair chance at work, however much his political privileges were to be restricted. The findings of the Arbitration Board substantiate this oft-repeated profession. It is hard to see how the supporters of the innate superiority of the white race could logically defend the proposition that the white has to be protected against the competition of his inferior.

Attorney-General Wickersham's decision to discontinue the government suit against the New Haven and Boston and Maine railways, is certainly good sense and presumably good law. The situation has radically altered since the suit was first brought. Local authorities have largely done what the Federal power was invoked to do. The New Haven's acquisition of trolley-lines has been judicially pronounced illegal, and the company is getting rid of those properties. As for the merger of the two railway systems, there never was fair ground for asserting that their lines, except in a few minor filaments, were parallel and competing. Public sentiment in New England was in favor of the union, chiefly for the purpose of bringing fresh capital and better management to the Boston and Maine. And now the State of Massachusetts has deliberately sanctioned the merger, under carefully-drawn restrictions, reserving to the legislature close control over the financial operations. Attempts to make this union of railroads precisely like what was undertaken by the Northern Securities Company, are childish. In that case, the lines were indubitably parallel and competing, and there was no semblance of legislative control of the holding company.

The conviction of Sanford Robinson, formerly of counsel for the Heinze copper interests, for corruptly impeding the administration of justice, should serve as a useful deterrent to corporation lawyers generally. Modern tendencies have too much changed the practice of law from a profession to a trade. The professional restraints have given way in many cases to the prostitution of a lawyer's legitimate services to a barter for hire. It is well to remind young attorneys that by virtue of their calling they are all informal officers of the courts of justice. For a lawyer to drive possible witnesses out of the jurisdiction of a tribunal, or to effect a concealment of a client's books of account, is on the same plane as a physician's sale of a certificate of death or his engagement to perform a criminal operation. A sharp conviction or two of this kind will be more effective in keying up the standard of legal ethics than dozens of well-intended commencement addresses to newly-fledged graduates of the law schools. Fear is an excellent school-master.

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The outcome of the election in San Francisco last week shows, as was to have been expected, that the voters of that city were sadly torn by conflicting emotions when they read over the proposition to build and operate a municipal street railway. In favor of the enterprise stood the whole infamous history of the United Railroads. Surely, the thievery and political corruption indulged in by this corporation must have made even extreme municipal socialism appear the lesser of two evils—until the voter contemplated the pack of office-holders, ward bosses, and laborites who would have something to say in the management of a municipal railway. We cannot read into the narrow majority of 403 against the proposal any repudiation of radicalism. San Francisco found herself hung between the devil and the deep sea and concluded, rather timidly, that a two-million-dollar experiment is ill-timed when every man suspects his neighbor. And the zeal with which walking delegates and their newspapers championed the project, definitely sealed the verdict against it.

What is pronounced to be a final effort to set aside the pure food law has been initiated by a number of concerns skulking in the background, which have put forward the Hipolite Egg Company of St. Louis as plaintiff against the Secretary of Agriculture. A seizure made last March of the company's canned eggs in Peoria, Illinois, is cited as proof of the irreparable injury which the company is sustaining without adequate remedy at law. It seems that boric acid is injected into the liquid egg mixture which is sold to bakers and confectioners for use in making cake and pastry. There is a fitting malodorous aroma about the contention of beef-embalmers and egg-fortifiers that they have a constitutional right "to sell the public what the public want." Rousseau in his enumeration of the natural rights of man quite forgot the right to sell skimmed milk for cream.

We may be far too indulgent to our young college barbarian, but we are too often utterly unfair to him. It may be true, for instance, that the average undergraduate learns very little and cares very little for learning; and it may be true that our colleges are nurseries of disbelief and libertinism. But the two things together cannot be true. If our universities were filled with an eager, passionate youth, avid of ideas and ideals, there would be danger in heretical voices from the cathedra. Such a danger the European universities have often experienced. The French collegian has played a prominent part in demonstrations and *émeutes*. The German Burschenschaften have made history. The Russian university student has been a leader of revolution. Given a young man who finds truth in books, and in himself the instinct for translating theory into action, and the colleges may influence the world. But our own healthy football and rowing men are quite immune against noxious doctrine.

The American high school should not be razed merely because its graduates cannot run a department store, or make a pair of trousers, the day after Commencement. But its best friends must censure its failure to give pupils the right attitude toward every-day life. The Students' Aid Committee of the New York City High School Teachers' Association reports that too many of its applicants exhibit a pathetic lack of initiative, with an inability to carry out simple orders. Out of 800 boys in a large evening school who sought employment through the committee, only eighteen appeared punctually, though explicitly ordered to do so. Of these eighteen, sixteen were instructed how to write letters of application, which they were to present on the following evening at 7:15:

> At the appointed time not one appeared. The first one when questioned remarked that he "didn't think it mattered." It was particularly specified that they were to write letters on unruled paper. . . . Not one had that kind. Some had foolscap, most of them had little sheets of cheap letter paper, because they thought it "would do just as well." . . . The matter of the letters was very indifferently expressed, and either the ability or the disposition to carry out instructions was absent.

These boys are not all dolts. They have simply never been taught to obey, or to take responsibility. They learn, says the committee, that "high-salaried teachers must be ready to hand out to them paper and pencil and pen." They are made flabby by too much coddling; and, after having been discharged from half-a-dozen small posts, easily lose faith in themselves, or else in the social order. Let them have vocational training, but, first of all, thorough drill in the indispensable art of attending to business.

With the passing of Sarah Orne Jewett, New England loses its most sympathetic interpreter—New England, that is, as the land of woods and hills and meadows and villages. Miss Jewett rarely went to the town for her subjects unless for the sake of momentary contrast. How large a part of her insight depended on actual acquaintance and how much came from instinct, matters little. In the portraiture of New Englanders who are distinctly *of* the country, Miss Jewett stood alone. It must be admitted that she shut her eyes to the grimmer sides of rural life. Abnormal deflections of character—greed, pride, envy, utter selfishness—work all the greater havoc with the Puritanic countryfolk, if once they penetrate the native moral fibre. Other authors, also women, have written of these sordid tragedies of country life. Miss Jewett either could not or would not see that side. To her mind the very fact of the open sky, the well-tilled farm-land, the spruce village street, set the people above those moulded by a more sophisticated civilization.

Yet this belief never blinded Miss Jewett to the essential humanity which she made it her business to portray. For her, character in its minutest phases stood foremost. And it was rarely weak character. To be sure, she never overlooked the individual foible, but hers are the foibles which inspire the reader's affection, not his scorn. "The Dulham Ladies," realizing the ebb of their prestige, taking their journey, timorously buying false hair, are never for one instant made despicable. And all Miss Jewett's work is sweetened by pervasive humor. And this often shades into pathos. Is the old lady who takes her first ride on the railway laughable or something quite the reverse? It is hard to say. If for nothing else, Miss Jewett's stories will live as the memorials of a locality and a people. She understood what lay beneath the surface. The whole type is epitomized in "Miss Tempy's Watchers," where the two women sit all night gossipping tenderly of their friend who lies dead in the room above. Their words seem, at present, to point elsewhere:

> "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o'

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everything, too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece; but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into blossomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann.

Rudyard Kipling was for a number of years the most convenient club, and perhaps the most fitting club, with which to belabor Mr. Alfred Austin. But it would require no great stretch of the imagination to conceive England's poet laureate himself as the author of Kipling's latest outburst against the radical measures of the Asquith Ministry:

They said: Who has toiled? Who hath striven and gathered possession?
Let him be spoiled; he hath given full proof of transgression.

Kipling as statesman and prophet never impressed himself upon the serious men of Great Britain. The trend of Imperial politics has been, at bottom, away from what his muse has pictured and urged. His chief grievance used to be that the mother country neither cared for nor watched over her daughter commonwealths sufficiently. The mother is now looking towards her daughters for aid and comfort in her depression. The lower breeds whom it was Britain's mission to keep down and govern without asking are now her allies in Japan, and participants in a larger share of self-government in India. The flannelled fool and the muddied oaf, it is true, have been going in for a little more volunteer soldiering of late, but only because of a panic fear of invasion, and not out of a growing sense of Imperial duty. If now the flavor of Kipling's verse depart, wherewith shall the poet's reputation be salted? His swing and color created at least an atmosphere of exaltation in which the faults of his logic might be forgotten. But bad logic in doggerel can be only ridiculous.

Financial legislation in the German Reichstag seems to have reached a veritable *impasse*. Of the $35,000,000 of additional revenue which Von Bülow's original budget measure contemplated raising, over one-third, or $13,750,000, was expected from the inheritance taxes. But the Conservatives and Clericals refuse flatly to assent to this item, and in the Finance Committee have succeeded in defeating the project. Should the committee's action be reversed by the Reichstag, they declare that no further assistance may be expected from them. On the other hand, the Reichstag has evidently taken the bit in its teeth by sanctioning a yearly tax on bonds and shares to be calculated on the quotations of the year previous and on the interest rate which dividends declared bear to the capital value as measured by the market quotations. This latter tax the Chancellor has declared the government will never accept. The logical outcome would seem to be either a dissolution and an appeal to the country, or the retirement of Von Bülow.

A worldwide malady—this of financial ways and means, akin to Becky Sharp's problem of How to Live on Nothing a Year. Over the whole world the finance minister has first assented to new and generous outlay, and then comes his less congenial task of robbing the hen-roosts. Unfortunately, all the fowls have learned that in squawking there is a chance of safety, and the shrill outcry is continuous. In Great Britain the Board of Trade and the landed gentry protest against the pending budget. Under this fusillade two Cabinet Ministers' health has suspiciously failed and they have resigned. In Germany Von Bülow, while defiant in the Reichstag over his shattered budget, had to go to Kiel to consult the War Lord about the situation. In France the tax-machine has just been speeded up so as to overtake some of the security incomes which have failed to get out of the way. Even Cuba begins to show signs of progress in civilization. Her budget is behindhand. There is no chance of securing its passage by the constitutional date. They talk of passing a provisional supply bill, of unloading all financial responsibility on their President, and, as a last resort, of establishing a Government lottery, to be "a dependency of the Treasury."

The findings of the French parliamentary naval commission, under the presidency of M. Delcassé, make it evident that in France, at least, expenditure on ships is not only a crushing burden, but one that affords no effective navy. In the past decade, France has expended between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 dollars on the navy. In this time, she has dropped from the second to the fourth place in naval strength, exchanging places with Germany, despite the lesser expenditure by that country. French battleships are shown to cost 50 per cent. more than the original estimate, and the report asserts that "negligence, disorder, and confusion" prevail at the navy yards. The Mediterranean squadron could not be a very formidable antagonist, if it had to discontinue firing practice, as the report asserts, because of the many defects in untested guns. Notable among the confessions of the commission is that as to the relative cost of building battleships. The same outlay that secures five in France, provides six in Germany, and six and a half in Great Britain. The lack of reserve coal and supplies of ammunition at various ports, so one officer testifies, would permit only six hours of continuous battle by the French navy. The theoretical estimates of the relative strength of navies will be shown some day to have neglected a factor of prime importance—the presence of common honesty and efficiency in public service.

The merits of the appeal to President Taft in behalf of two Congo missionaries depend entirely upon the kind of intervention called for. If our Government is asked to secure the quashing of the indictment for criminal libel which the Kassai Rubber Company has had brought against the missionaries, Mr. Taft ought to ignore the petition. To grant it would only interfere with the disclosure of the Central African situation. Whatever the defendants know about slavery and torture, they should tell under oath in a public courtroom. The things which have been done on the Congo are bad enough, but that is the strongest reason why they should not be overdrawn. In the present confusion and passing of lies, nothing could be more salutary than a fair trial of Dr. Morrison and Dr. Sheppard. Our State Department should see that the defendants' witnesses and evidence are suitably presented. The rubber company must be thwarted if, as is alleged, it is conniving with the Congo Free State authorities to pay off a grudge against the Americans who have exposed its barbarous practices. So much every citizen in foreign lands has a right to ask of his country.

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PRESIDENTIAL INTERVENTION.

Nobody has ever laid down an absolutely sound, consistent, and comprehensive rule about the attitude of the President towards pending legislation. Both the Constitution and precedent leave so many doors open to Executive influence, that one of them can always be used with some show of reason. Critics will usually confess, when candid, or when driven into a corner, that it is a matter not so much of principle, as of taste and the personal equation. A cynical Senator once put the case as follows: "I like to have the President interfere with Congress, when he interferes on my side. That is a proper discharge of his high Constitutional function. But when he steps in to help the other fellows, it is not only unconstitutional, but a damnable outrage."

The President has the undoubted right to "recommend" legislation. But recommend is a "bountiful word." It may be made to cover not only the initial urging of laws by message, but speeches and other public deliverances in their favor. For such recommending of legislative measures, the President has, by the nature of his office, peculiar fitness. He stands detached from the purely local interests and the personal squabbles which too often govern the action of members of Congress. He is the directly elect of the whole people, and has come to be looked upon as a court of appeal, above Congress, and less subject than it to being swayed by petty motives. He is also the leader of his party, and as such concerned in shaping its policy so as to command popular approval. Thus there has always been, and exists to-day, a powerful reason why the pronouncements of the President touching proposed legislation should have great weight. The country, in fact, looks to him to be an originating and guiding statesman as well as to execute faithfully the laws. And if we concede his right to recommend legislation, we cannot well deny his right to take an interest in what he has recommended, and to strive in every lawful and proper way to bring it to fruition. We cannot conceive of a serious President seriously urging upon Congress an important measure, and then dismissing it from his mind as something with which he has no further concern. It is only a question of the means he may honorably and safely employ to further his ends.

Between the recommending message and the inhibiting veto, given him by the Constitution, there lies a large area in which the Presidential power to secure needed laws may be exercised. Private consultations at the White House have been immemorially held. There can be no challenge of their propriety, unless improper things are done at them. A President may seek to persuade a Congressman; he ought to attempt neither to bully nor to bribe him. Whatever else the framers of the Constitution may have contemplated, they certainly did not expect the President to use the patronage of his office in order to bend a Senator to his will. Yet this, of course, has often been done. It has been done, too, from good motives and in great emergencies. We suppose that there is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland made appointments to office for the purpose of securing the repeal of the silver-purchase law. The silver champions openly charged him with buying the bill's way through Congress by the use of patronage. But men like Senator Allison were ready to defend this, and to assert that it was God's mercy to the country that Grover Cleveland was in the White House to force the repeal of the disastrous legislation. There, again, we see how the President's action is judged according to personal bias. We are all inclined to agree with the old deacon who said that he believed in special Providences—"when he wanted to." If a wicked enemy's barn was struck by lightning and burned up, the manifestation of divine justice was obvious; but if his own crops perished in a flood, it was not Providence, but Satan, who was visibly at work. Similarly, most Americans believe in the special intervention of the President—when they want to.

An unpleasant impression is undeniably created, however, when the President becomes unreservedly and openly a legislator. We have just had the unaccustomed spectacle of a law actually drafted under the President's eye, and by his aid, and introduced in the Senate hot from the White House. It is known as the "Taft amendment." Senator Aldrich asked, not for a general plan, or suggestion, but for a completed bill. There was method in this, if not malice. Aldrich wished to spare himself the responsibility for either introducing or passing the measure. With a frankness never before seen in Congress, he stated to the Senate—and only those on the spot can say if he did it with a sneer—"Here is the President's bill." It had been vised in every phrase at the White House. Now, we think that, saying nothing of the contents of the bill, it was unwise and undesirable to have it laid before Congress in this fashion. Should it be defeated, the result would be a deep wound to the President's prestige. If it succeeds, it will establish a precedent which, in ambitious and unscrupulous hands, might work great harm, and which could not fail to plague even Mr. Taft, since the effect would be to make men run to him to draft bills on all other subjects. It would have been better to maintain the appearance of aloofness from the actual devising and redacting of legislation.

Having put his hand to the plough, it is clear that President Taft will not look back. His course, thus far, has had the effect of keeping the Republican organization in both houses under control, and himself in control of it. That power he is now bound to use in a way not only to hold his party true to its pledges, but to care for the unrepresented consumer. The Washington report is that he is determined to do this; and such definite assurances as those the New Jersey Senators give their constituents that hides will be made free in the conference, imply that the President's wishes are to be more nearly met by the conferrees than they have been by the Senate. Only by a final tariff bill which will reasonably square with his promises, can Mr. Taft justify his intervention to save Aldrich from defeat. Upon that Senator's gratitude, however, we should not advise the President to count too confidently.

DENYING AMERICAN CAPACITY.

If the American polo players should demand that the English concede them 3 goals in the international match; if the foreign professional golfers should be compelled to give our natives half a stroke a hole, in the open championship; if our tennis experts should go over to try again to bring back the Davis cup, on condition that each game should be started 15-love in their favor; if Harvard should race the University of Cambridge again, first stipu-

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lating that the English boat should have only seven oars; if the Wright brothers should ask odds in aeroplanes, and American yachtsmen insist upon a ten minutes' start over their German competitors—what would be said? There would be shouts of protest against such a reflection upon our strength and skill, such an insult to our national pride. Americans are ready to meet and beat the world on equal terms—in everything except commerce and trade. There we confess ourselves weaklings, and admit that our rivals will drive us from the field unless we impose a tariff handicap upon them.

Perhaps the most pitiable and certainly the most striking acknowledgment of our own inferiority yet seen in the Senate debate was made the other day when the duty on picture post-cards was increased by some 325 per cent. The souvenir or view-cards thus to be taxed are purely those for America. Senator Smoot explained for the Finance Committee that the business of printing them had "grown to mammoth proportions," and that the Germans practically supply our market. Hence, "to save this business," alarmed Senators, who had beheld the awful spectacle of "views of public buildings in Washington printed on postal cards made in Germany," were asked, in their downward revision of the tariff, to increase the Dingley rates on these articles by more than 300 per cent. It was agreed to without demur or debate. Yet this denial of American ingenuity, enterprise, and business ability was really as humiliating as if Congress were to declare war on Germany, provided that the Germans would agree to fight only one ship to our three.

The case of the picture post-cards is peculiarly flagrant. First, the German manufacturers must make or buy the photographs covering views in all parts of this country. Then these must be carried back to Germany, there reproduced and printed, then shipped to this country, paying freight and duties, to find here that the Americans confess themselves beaten even with such a great handicap in their favor. Now, under the natural conditions of American energy, what would be the first instinct of our manufacturers of view-cards, in the face of a good business taken away from them right under their noses? Why, it would be to "hustle" after that trade. Technical methods would be improved, the whole business would be carefully studied in detail, organization perfected, economies effected, production and distribution cheapened. But the long years of drugging ourselves with the tariff have killed off that kind of spontaneous joy in responding to competition, and we now solely think to win by taking a stiffer dose of protection. It is as if a Marathon runner, falling behind, should begin taking whiskey and cocaine as a means of conquering the more speedy runners.

For our part, we do not see how any healthy-minded American, with a due share of pride in his nation, can look without shame upon these tariff confessions that we are hopelessly behind in the race. We boast that we have a land dowered with unrivalled natural resources; we glory in the ready inventiveness and pluck of our people; our talent for business we exalt to the skies. And yet no single question of international competition in manufacture or trade or ship-building can be raised, without calling forth horrified cries about our inability to stand the pace. The thing has become so settled a habit with us that we do not always see how craven and disgraceful it is. It is based, too, upon a glaring falsehood. It is not true that Americans are such incompetents as our tariff-makers would have it appear. On occasion, we can go out into the markets of the world and hold our own. The State Department has just lodged a protest with the Cuban government, because Americans were not invited to compete with foreign manufacturers of arms and ammunition, in furnishing recent supplies. But the simple-minded Cubans might well reply that they never dreamed that Americans could compete with foreigners. Is not our tariff a standing advertisement of our national backwardness and incapacity?

We can merely allude to the bad domestic effect of our confession that the combat is too sore for us. Refusal to meet the conditions of world-competition tends to throw us further behind than we really are; to make us cling to antiquated machinery and obsolete mills; to prevent us from improving by entering into the struggle for existence which makes for improvement. President Eliot has somewhere singled out these disastrous mental as well as physical effects of shirking competition, as possibly the chief evil of the protective system. It certainly can never have had a more shameful, if petty, illustration than in this admission by the Senate that the Germans can beat us in making souvenir cards for Smoot's own Salt Lake City, unless we tax them more than 300 per cent.

EXECUTIVES AND STRIKES.

The settlement of the strike on the Pittsburgh trolley lines illustrates a task imposed of late years upon the executive departments of our governments, Federal, State, and local. One who is curious to study constitutions in the making may profitably consider the growth of this new duty, which, through public opinion at first and latterly by express statutes, has devolved upon our administrative departments. When the Federal Constitution was drafted, there was fear enough entertained of the possibility of sedition, riot, and rebellion. Shays's Rebellion had been a warning which was not lost upon the members of the Constitutional Convention. But in the early, not to say primitive, industrial situation, and in the absence of any considerable number of large cities, our present difficulties were not dreamed of. We have come to the pass where the emergence of a large industrial dispute, especially when it involves the safety or convenience of the dominant third party—the Public—brings an immediate pressure upon the authorities to act as mediators or arbitrators The successive steps by which this position was arrived at are suggestive.

When industrial disputes of wide extent first began—such as the Pittsburgh railway riots of 1877—most impartial observers held the opinion that executive intervention must be limited to the maintenance of public order. The dispute between employee and employer was regarded as *privati juris*. Not until overt acts of violence occurred was the strong arm of the state to interfere, and then only to repress violence.

Most people were inclined to assimilate the strife to the draft riots of the civil war, and to see nothing distinctive in the industrial situation in which these difficulties arose. Old-fashioned believers in the delimited sphere of the executive were sternly averse to any intervention upon the part of the civil government beyond the maintenance of

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the public peace. Pessimistic economists imagined that these difficulties were but a foretaste of what we must expect from an increasing population and a sharper struggle for the means of subsistence. The "Wealth of Nations" was used as a book of prophecy where Smith depicted how striking workmen "have always recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage," while their masters are "just as clamorous . . . and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrate." For example, Mr. Harrison, when President, repeatedly refused to be brought into industrial disputes. Even in the memorable Chicago railway strike of 1894, the use of Federal troops to suppress disorder was based upon the indisputable duty of the Executive to protect the mails and to keep the way open for the serving of the writs of Federal courts.

But, almost insensibly, the old order of thinking and acting in these matters has changed. We are no longer disposed to content ourselves with the reflection that offences must come, and to denounce woes upon their instigators. Official boards of arbitration, intervention, and mediation have been created by law. The United States Commissioner of Labor has been made a sort of official peacemaker for disputes involving interstate commerce, and has even intervened in difficulties like the recent strike on the Georgia Central, which was confined within the boundaries of a single State.

Three considerations have all combined to bring about this saner method of handling these disputes. First, the public has made it evident that its claims are, if not paramount, at least equal to those of the principal contestants. To such a degree has the public safety been exalted in this matter that in Pittsburgh, for example, power is given to the Mayor by law to seize and operate the trolley lines in case they cease to run and the rival disputants do not promptly come to terms. In an emergency he becomes a sort of industrial dictator. Moreover, the prestige which an impartial executive can command makes this a powerful club in his hands to enforce the counsels of "sweet reasonableness" upon the belligerents. The second consideration which has forced this new function upon the executive is the partisan consideration for "votes." In Philadelphia recently the hardships of enforced pedestrianism did not much weigh with the Republican machine. But the impending primaries loomed large on the horizon. Disgruntled employees and their numerous sympathizers might "smash" the slate. This made for prompt industrial peace. It was this consideration which gave the anthracite miners their vantage ground when the late Chief Executive was interested in corralling the votes of the multitude. A third cause which undoubtedly coöperates with the two first-mentioned is the realization on all hands of the wastefulness of interrupted industry. Pittsburgh's loss in a single day is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. Nor does this include the thousand and one indirect items of inconvenience, personal injury, violence, and disorder.

Something of the same sort has been witnessed of late years abroad. Lord Rosebery, during his Premiership, was called upon to end a long-protracted strike through his personal arbitration, and the arbitrament was said to have been "floated through on champagne." The agencies making for this kind of industrial peace are as wholesome as they are inevitable. Constitutions are made for man, not man for constitutions. The blessings that attend on the peacemakers are enhanced, not diminished, when peace is made by this extra-legal prevention of industrial conflict, rather than through the belated disarmament of embittered foes.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

The rejection in the Senate last week of reciprocity arrangements with Canada in the matter of coal, is an instance of the alienating effects of our policy of protection. There is no estranging main between ourselves and our Northern neighbors, but the selfish greed of interests interposes between them and ourselves the equivalent of a sea of troubles. Similar in character was the retaliatory measure approved by the Senate aganst any country which imposes discriminatory duties on wood pulp exported to the United States. It requires neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet to see whom this provision is intended to menace.

American historians are tardily beginning to see that the Tories of the Revolution, however complacent they may have been towards Parliament's invasion of the colonists' rights, were not universally so contemptible a lot of poltroons as they appear in the popular opinion of the day. There were many intelligent and courageous men among them to whom the British connection seemed priceless, and who were wont to excuse the taxes imposed on the colonists on the ground that imperial defence demanded colonial contributions. Many of them left their homes and property and fled to Canada, embittered by their severe treatment in the colonies to the south. There thus existed a nucleus of United Empire loyalists in Canada whose harsh experience was a strong bar to political friendship with the States. The unsuccessful American invasion of Canada in the War of the Revolution, an invasion repeated in the War of 1812—where Canada at least was blameless of aggression upon our seamen—did much to consolidate the latent feeling of antipathy.

Two generations of peaceful commerce had rendered this feeling dormant when the conclusion of the Canadian Reciprocity treaty of 1854 seemed to promise fairer things. Unfortunately, the compact expired in 1866. The protected interests, owing to the high tariffs of the civil war, had had their first taste of blood, and at their insistence the treaty arrangements were terminated. How far it had made for international good feeling, however, was partly evidenced by the Canadian agitation for commercial union with the United States, or even for annexation, long after the present Dominion had been created. This, too, despite the Fenian flurry which had its breeding ground upon our own soil, though our government's hands were clean in that matter. There were, doubtless, unwise and premature movements made to effect a closer commercial or political union with Canada, which might profitably have been avoided. Color was given to the idea that transportation interests were selfishly concerned in the project. Moreover, the somewhat magisterial way in which Goldwin Smith issued his literary ukases on the subject was resented by many Canadians.

But with time and the intimate intercourse which a liberal interchange

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of views and goods would certainly have produced, there was every reason to expect some sort of consolidation of the English speaking people of the northern continent. Yet this hope was frustrated, and the latent spark of Canadian nationality was fanned into a living blaze, mainly because of the unspeakably narrow selfishness of the protected interests in the United States.

How far this tendency toward national unity has progressed in Canada is hardly realized by this country. The old-time display of the stars and stripes along with the union jack is now confined to occasions when both nations are represented. The easy conscience with which the Canadian soldiery used to become the guests of American militiamen to the south of the border on the Fourth of July is, unfortunately, a thing of the past. Canada has accorded to British imports a preferential duty, and this, too, in the face of the British Parliament's refusal as yet to reciprocate in kind. The tide of public sentiment in Canada has been pretty completely turned away from closer relations with her southern neighbor. It flows strongly in favor of a united British Empire. Nor is the movement confined to sentiment. The Canadian militiamen served creditably alongside Tommy Atkins in South Africa. And now the example of Australia in promising a Dreadnought for the imperial navy is very likely to influence Canada in a similar direction.

It would be presuming too much upon their imagination, and assuming the existence of too sensitive a conscience on the part of the "standpatters," to suppose that they care a fiddlestick for the verdict that must be pronounced upon them at the Bar of History. But that they have induced their government to grasp at a shadow of wealth and to lose the substance of Continental unity, is all but indisputable. When it was proposed in Parliament to take away the powers of the British East India Company, John Stuart Mill made the Ministry look foolish by telling them that, while their predecessors had lost to the crown an empire in the West, the company's servants had added to the British dominion an empire in the East. A similar loss to our nation must be debited to the policy of exclusion we have followed and to the selfish greed and insularity of the McKinley and Dingley tariffs. The most far-reaching effect of the monstrous schedules on lumber and wood pulp will not be registered in the prices of these products. They will have converted the maple leaf into the national symbol of a proud rival Power.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING FIRST.

This is the season when, in commencement halls and on the golf links, some men are carrying off the prizes, while others, the great majority, come in for consolation. But there is this difference between golf and the universities, that the man who is relegated to the second sixteen in a tournament knows himself an inferior player and is regarded as such, whereas in the colleges it has become almost a tradition that to be second-rate is to start out into the world with the very best prospects. The accepted belief among our gilded college youth that C is the gentleman's mark is more than a rule of caste; it is unconsciously subscribed to by many good people who feel that a student who gets his A's easily is as badly equipped for the serious business of life as if he were Shelley or Swinburne. What becomes of all the Highest Honor men and Senior Wranglers? Almost any one will tell you, and without thinking, that, as a rule, they are lost in the obscurity of some dusty professorial chair or pulpit; while railway presidencies and Senatorial togas are for the student who ranked fair either because he would not go higher or because he could not. We believe that even in writing the lives of great scientists and authors it is proper to begin by showing that as boys they preferred raising guinea pigs to studying arithmetic. This is what the commencement lecturer usually tells the graduating class; and properly so. After all, the world needs whatever encouragement it can get, and if a few men have the prizes, it is only fair that the others shall have the consolation.

Now, the handicap of being first is a little exaggerated. It is quite true that there is no disgrace in losing when one has done his best. But from this it is a long step to arguing that there is no particular glory in winning. If certain admirable qualities, such as concentration, the capacity for hard work, and persistence, will carry a man no further than tenth in his class, it does not follow by any means that the first nine places can be won only by men without concentration, persistence, or the capacity for hard work. The only just inference that runs against the honor man at college is that it is hard to be first in more things than one. If he has found the academic path easy, the presumption is that he will find it hard to excel in the social and diplomatic gifts that condition success in the outer world. But, after all, that is only a presumption. We take it for granted that the bookman often fails in life because he is a man of books, whereas most of the time he simply does not care for the kind of success by which we measure him. There are very few professorial positions that pay $100,000 a year, and there are still fewer clergymen and critics who command an income of half a million. What chance of fame or success is there, consequently, in the walks of life to which the honor man, as a rule, confines himself? It would be interesting to have a Federal statute compelling every Phi Beta Kappa man to go into the oil or the steel business. We should then be in a better position to judge whether collegiate distinction is a sign of incapacity.

But until such a law is passed we may admit that, judged simply by prominence and wealth, our honor man is not often so successful as the man who trailed him at college. Yet that is a condition which must change in the first man's favor as training and general culture enter more into our business, our social, and our political life. We may take the civil service as an example. So long as the spoils system ruled unchecked, it was inevitable that the henchman and the bribe-giver should fill the offices to the exclusion of better trained men who could not and would not compete with them in the muck of the political arena. With the development of the civil service, the opportunities for the bookman—under the appellation of "expert" he has grown quite popular of late—have widened. We are bold enough to foresee the time when a young man who has been excellent at his studies will find it easily possible to make a name for himself in the government service. So that the case as we see it is not one of the prizeman's unfitness for success, but for success un-

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der unfavorable conditions. While we had our enormous natural resources to fall back upon, any sort of rough and tumble business management would do; but the time for the trained man is surely coming. It has come to England, where college discipline has a value other than the social advantages it brings. Fine classical scholars have been known to attain high place in English life. It has come more emphatically still in Germany—this modern type of industrial progress which has found that efficiency is the fruit of training and that business victories are won in the schoolrooms.

Thus to insist upon the fact that proficiency at college means, if anything, a very moderate share of success in life is an indictment both of our public life and of our colleges. It is a poor sort of preparatory school whose best graduates are unfit for the work for which they are prepared. And it is a poor sort of social organization that can turn upon the young man who has taken its exhortations concerning wisdom and virtue to heart, and say to him, "Well, we don't think there is anything that you are very well fitted for, but we'll see."

FRENCH MEMOIRS AND HISTORIES.

PARIS, June 18.

The first volume of "La Franc-Maçonnerie en France des origines à 1815," by Gustave Bord, treats of those who wrought at the revolutionary idea from 1668 to 1771; it is a book of nearly 600 pages (10 francs, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale). This is a vital subject in the history of the transformation of the modern world. Freemasons are distinct from philosophers, to whom the agitation of minds leading up to the French Revolution is commonly ascribed, as a church is distinct from a religion. The great secret society, in which rationalist philosophy was organized as a militant political party, from its very secrecy and the mystic cover which it took for a disguise, presents difficulties without end to the historian who is free from passion in his investigations. This can hardly be said of the present work, which is openly hostile to the fundamental principle of revolution and Freemasonry alike. But its earnest and minute record of events and personalities not appearing in histories commonly known is immensely suggestive; and, in default of a completer and more impartial work, it is of great value for the understanding of so passionately controverted a period. It should be remembered that Professor Aulard, with all his vaunted documentary method, would scarcely prove less partial on the other side in the essentials of the history. It is to be desired that competent investigators should apply themselves to study how far Freemason lodges were responsible in England, and particularly in America, for the propagation of Rationalism in religion and revolutionary ideas of state authority and government.

In a volume of studies of Franco-Russian history and literature, Charles de Larivière publishes a first series on Catherine II and her pet philosopher, d'Alembert, on Buffon and Count Esterhazy, and on the youth of Nicholas I—"La France et la Russie au XVIIIe siècle" (H. Le Soudier). Robert de Crèvecœur re-edits with introduction and notes the first volume (Plon) of "Mémoires du Comte Dufort de Cheverny—l'Ancien Régime (1731-1787)." This comprises the period when De Cheverney held the important office of Introducteur des Ambassadeurs at the Court.

"Les Jacobins peints par eux-mêmes" (Lemerre) is a history of the Société Populaire et Montagnarde of the little city of Provins during the years of Terror, 1791 to 1795. It is compiled from the revolutionary society's own archives by Justin Bellanger, curator of the city museum and library. The genuine character of such documents concerning the progress of the Revolution outside of Paris cannot be overrated. "Madame du Barry" (Emile-Paul), by Charles Saint André, is a new documentary work concerning a victim of both the Old Régime, where she had been little less than a queen, and of the Jacobins, who cut off her head for its royalty. The competent Pierre de Nolhac authorizes the book with a preface; it presents a much more favorable account of its subject than has commonly been given, and throws many side lights on the decay of the old and on the bloody rise of the new order in France. The same publisher issues a book that helps to explain the mental and emotional attitudes of the society of the period of change—"Le Prestige de Jean-Jacques Rousseau"—reminiscences, documents, and anecdotes, written by Hippolyte Buffenoir.

Two books have new disclosures concerning decisive female personalities of the Revolution. "Madame Tallien" (l'Édition), by Louis Sonolet, gives a more authentic account of the extravagant career of this woman, whose life led from the old nobility into the prison of the Terror, and then into the arms of the man who had come to cut off her head, but lost his heart instead. Into this plebeian heart she instilled enough courage to overthrow Robespierre, which made her Notre Dame de Thermidor and one of the three queens of the extraordinary society which followed the Terror in Paris. She promptly turned her back on Tallien, who dropped into pathetic obscurity; and she died Princess de Chimay, long after the Bourbons had come back and France had had yet another revolution. She belonged rather to the cosmic than to the ethical order of things; and the instinct of self-preservation helped her to find means of relieving France at a critical moment from a tyranny greater than anarchy.

"L'Impératrice Joséphine" (Librairie Sportive), by K. Pichevin, tells once again the life of Madame Tallien's chief rival in the new society (Madame Récamier was the other). With great painstaking and documentary attempts at proof, the book is more charitable toward the early years of the Creole who became an Empress than most recent writers have been. The pathos of Josephine's later story has so permeated English, and particularly American, feeling that the book should be welcome. Joseph Turquan, an intelligent compiler, some of whose books have been translated into English, has for his new subject one whose fate in popular tradition is just the other way about from that of Josephine. The "last dauphine," whose early imprisonment in the Temple when her parents, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, were taken off to the guillotine, touches all hearts, had her later years unknown or judged with harshness. "Madame, duchesse d'Angoulême" (Émile-Paul) may not succeed in revising this popular verdict, which was based on little real knowledge; but it will make the earnest reader agree that, if this heroine of so many tragedies could have borne an heir to the Bourbon line, he would have turned out very different from the most Christian and very unkingly Comte de Chambord, who was the actual heir. This latter was the serious son of that immensely frivolous mother, the Duchesse de Berry, the story of whose fall is told in a volume which has other historic interest—"Le dernier Effort de la Vendée (1832)," by the Vicomte A. de Courson (Émile-Paul). Preposterous and useless bravery shown in a cause of doubtful worth and disgusting treachery on the part of those who represented what has become our modern system, add light and shadow to a story which is heroic, but not reasonable.

The second volume of the Duchesse de Dino's "Chronique de 1831 à 1862" (Plon) covers the important years 1836 to 1840, under King Louis Philippe. This niece of Talleyrand (by marriage), and the inseparable companion and confidante of his later years in London and Paris, took notes by the way which all but compensate the disappointment felt at the publication of her uncle's non-committal memoirs. Her own personality is not submerged; quite the contrary; and literary historians will be glad to have her impressions of George

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Sand and Balzac as they pass before her, studying her with their literary methods and all unaware that they were being instantaneously photographed by this Frenchified German princess who had experienced wider worlds than their own. The reader is irresistibly persuaded of the essential goodness and common sense of the duchess, quite contrary to the effect produced by the lively Countess de Boigne, whose memoirs are of the same years and often of the same persons.

"Claude Fauriel, membre de l'Institut (1772-1843)," by J. B. Galley, is the kindly story of a man who began public life as private secretary of Fouché at the head of the Imperial police, and ended by twenty years of accepted work in exotic and mediæval literature. His views have passed; his methods remain. More interesting at this day are his curious relations with the future Madame Mohl, who was a sort of English immigrant Madame Récamier, less beauty and plus ideas, in the change of France from restored Bourbons to half-revolutionary Louis Philippe. The book is an outlook on the intellectual, rather than the political world.

Napoleon III is entering into the period of documentary memoirs, although he is far from having issued finally from that of passion, declamatory invective, and guessing generalities. Théodore Duret, in "Les Napoléons" (Fasquelle), gives some new matter concerning both uncle and nephew from the point of view of a partisan adversary. "Mémoires inédits sur Napoléon III" (Nillson) begins with what is called the Chislehurst Memorial by Baron d'Ambès; the first volume, "Jeunesse et Conspiration," will follow shortly. These profess to be papers of a familiar of the Emperor from his youth, and to form the first complete history of Napoleon III yet published in France. The interest of such a publication cannot be doubted, particularly in the present uncertain Bonapartist revival; but the earnest reader will seek further confirmation. The book of Frédéric Loliée on the Emperor's half-brother, to whom more than all others he owed his Empire—"Auguste de Morny" (Émile-Paul)—gives more evidence of its origin "from family papers and secret archives at the ministry of the interior." It is written in the usual lively style of this author, and, in fact, aims chiefly at portraying the society of the Second Empire.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Two Rochester gentlemen, William H. Samson, editor of the *Post-Express*, and Dr. Wheelock Rider, both collectors of Americana, have entered the field as publishers by announcing a series of American tracts, to be known as the Rochester Reprints. They plan to issue photographic reproductions of the tracts issued by Eleazar Wheelock, telling of the progress of his Indian Charity School founded at Lebanon, Conn., but afterwards moved to Hanover, N. H., and named Dartmouth College. There are six of these, the first issued in 1763, the last 1775. Three others were published in England, these latter originating from the visit of Samson Occom, the Mohegan preacher, to England to collect funds for furthering Wheelock's school. No set, bibliographically complete, of these nine tracts is to be found in any one library. The first and second of these reprints are now ready. They are printed from zinc blocks on Strathmore Japan paper and bound in blue boards with side labels. One hundred and forty copies are issued, of which one hundred and twenty-five only are for sale. When the series is completed a general title, a biography of Wheelock, and an Index will be issued. The "Journal of a Missionary Tour in 1808 through the new settlements of northern New Hampshire and Vermont," by the Rev. Jacob Cram, has been printed by these gentlemen for the first time from the manuscript owned by Dr. Rider, who has written an introduction. Two hundred copies have been printed.

A New York collector has recently acquired two of the rarest and most interesting of the early books in English relating to the New World. Of the first of these, Cartier's "Shorte and briefe narration of the two Navigations and Discoveries to the Northweast parts called Newe France," 1580, only five other copies seem to be known, in the British Museum and Huth collections in England, and in the John Carter Brown and Lenox libraries and the Church collection here. The last-named, the Ives copy, is the only other, apparently, which has been upon the market during the last thirty years. This account, in English, was translated by John Florio from the Italian collection of Ramusio. The original French account of Cartier's first voyage was probably not printed at the time, but is known from a manuscript discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1867. An account of the second voyage, in French, was published in Paris in 1545 as "Brief recit, & succincte narration, de la navigation faicte es Isles de Canada, Hochelage & Saguenay & Autres," etc. Of this little book only a single copy is known, that in the British Museum.

The second of the two books referred to, almost equally rare, is the first of Richard Hakluyt's numerous publications, "Divers voyages touching the discoverie of America and the Ilands adjacent," 1582, with one of the two maps. Only three copies with both maps seem to be known, two in the British Museum and one (the Kalbfleisch-Lefferts copy) in the Church collection. The John Carter Brown copy lacks one of the maps and the Lenox copy has both in facsimile. Henry Stevens, who supplied such a large proportion of the Lenox books, tells how, in 1845, he sent his first consignment of books to Mr. Lenox. "By return of post every book was ordered except 'Hakluyt's Divers Voyages,' 1582, at ten guineas." Stevens further states, in that most charming of book-collecting books, "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox," that "this was his first great mistake in book collecting, which he mourned for many a day."

The "Divers Voyages" was entered in the Stationers Register, under the date of May 21, 1582. The record reads "Thomas Woodcocks, Licensed to him under the Bishop of London and bothe the Wardens Divers Voiages touchinge the discoue[r]y of America." The recently discovered copy of the book contains at the top of the title-page a Latin inscription to the effect that the book was purchased by Edmund Arndenell, a soldier, on the 22d of May, 1582.

Correspondence.

POE AND THE "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER" IN 1837.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The year 1837 is one of the obscurest in all Poe's history. Prof. G. E. Woodberry, in his recent revised life of Poe, holds that "less is known of Poe at this period than at any other." Of the poet's movements and activities for this year only this is known: that he resigned as editor-in-chief of the *Southern Literary Messenger* in January, the formal announcement of his resignation being made under the date January 3; that he was, however, despite this announcement, discharging some of the functions of the editor on January 9 (compare the letter to Gen. A. B. Magruder recently brought to light by Professor Woodberry), and that he was still in Richmond on January 17 (see the letter of that date to T. W. White); that he was in New York city late in May and early in June (see the letter of Prof. Charles Anthon of date June 1, 1837); that he republished his tale "Mystification" in the June number of the *American Monthly Magazine;* that he contributed a lengthy review of Stephens's "Travels in Arabia Petræa" to the October number of the New York *Review;* and that he was living in New York in the latter part of the year at No. 113½ Carmine Street (see the reminiscences of William Gowans in the New York *Evening Mail* for December 10, 1870). There is also a tradition of long standing that Poe left Richmond in January, and proceeded at once—or by slow stages, as one biographer has it—to New York city, where he hoped to establish a connection with the New York *Review,* and that he remained in the city for the rest of the year. But beyond this nothing has been made known—and nothing conjectured, so far as I am aware—concerning Poe's career during this year. There is, however, in a collection of letters long treasured up in this city, a letter of Poe's which makes one or two additions to our scanty stock of information, and which has been kindly placed at my disposal for publication. This letter was written to Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book,* and is now in the possession of Mrs. R. H. Connerly, a granddaughter of Mrs. Hale. It reads as follows:

Richmond,
Oct: 20, 1837.

Dear Madam,

I was somewhat astonished to-day at receiving a letter addressed to "W. G. Simms, Esqr., Editor of the S. L. Messenger," and hesitated about my right to open it, until I reflected that, in forwarding it to Mr. S., I should place him in a similar dilem-

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ma. I thereupon broke the seal—but the address, even within, was "W. G. Simms." I could arrive, therefore, at no other conclusion than that, by some misapprehension, you have imagined Mr. S. to be actually editor of the Messenger, altho' I wrote you, but lately, in that capacity myself.

Of course, under the circumstances, it is difficult to reply to one portion of your letter—that touching the prose article desired. If, however, it was your wish that I should furnish it, I am grieved to say that it will be impossible for me to make a definite promise just now, as I am unfortunately overwhelmed with business, having been sadly thrown back by late illness. I regret this the more sincerely as I would be proud to find my name in any publication you edit, and as you have been so kind as to aid the *Messenger* so effectually in a similar manner yourself. To send you a crude or hastily written article would be injurious to me, and an insult to yourself—and I fear that I could, at present, do little more.

As Editor of the *Messenger* I can however say that it will afford me sincere pleasure to do you any service in my power. I shall look anxiously for the "Ladies' Wreath."

I am surprised and grieved to learn that your son (with whom I had a slight acquaintance at W. Point) should have been vexed about the autographs.* So mere nonsense it was hardly worth while to find fault with. Most assuredly as regards yourself, Madam, I had no intention of giving offence—in respect to the "Mirror" I am somewhat less scrupulous.

With the highest regard,
I am
Yr. obdt.
EDGAR A. POE.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

This letter establishes at least two things: one, that Poe was back in Richmond in the autumn of 1837; the other, that he was again posing as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. That he was again editor-in-chief of the *Messenger* is not to be believed, since Mr. White advertised himself as editor in each number of the *Messenger* for 1837 after February; besides, Poe himself asserts in an article on Judge Beverly Tucker in his "Autography" that he "retired from the *Messenger*" in January. The probable explanation of his statement to Mrs. Hale is that he was again holding the post of assistant editor, as had been the case in the summer and autumn of 1835. There is nothing in the contents of the *Messenger* of this period that either contradicts or proves this view, but the October and November numbers apparently lend some support to it. In the October number is a review of N. C. Brooks's "Scriptural Anthology" which may very well have come from Poe's pen—Brooks had befriended Poe, and Poe was in the habit of repaying debts of friendship in this manner. And in the November number there are several articles that were perhaps written by him: the notice of "The American Almanac for 1838," the brief comment on the "Eclipse of the Sun in 1838," the review of Miss Sedgwick's "Live and Let Live," and the article on the "Exploring Expedition to the South Seas." Poe had noticed the "American Almanac" for 1837 in the *Messenger* for October, 1836; he was interested in things astronomical; he was an extravagant admirer of Miss Sedgwick and had reviewed several of her books in the *Messenger*; and he had already contributed two articles to the *Messenger* on the South-Sea Expedition. There is nothing in the December *Messenger* that can be credited to Poe—which falls in very well with Mr. Gowans's testimony that the poet was making his home in New York at the end of the year.

At what time Poe returned to Richmond for his last editorial service on the *Messenger*, it is impossible as yet to say. The September *Messenger* contains nothing that can be assigned to him. The article entitled "Helen Defended," though it deals largely with verbal inaccuracies and improprieties, is nevertheless not in Poe's manner; and the review of "Pickwick Papers" not only takes an attitude to Dickens at variance with that habitually taken by Poe, but was emphatically disavowed by him in the article on Beverly Tucker referred to above. In the July and August issues there is, in like manner, nothing that bears the peculiar stamp of Poe's critical work, the only thing in these numbers that can with any likelihood be traced to him being, in my judgment, the flimsy review of Motherwell's poems in the issue for August. It is also impossible to say how long Poe remained in Richmond after his resignation as editor-in-chief in January. In the February and April numbers of the *Messenger* there are, to be sure, sundry articles not hitherto associated with Poe which were probably from his pen; among them the review of Mrs. Ellet's "Marco Visconti" and the notes "To Our Readers" in the February number, and the review of Bird's "Nick of the Woods," the notes "To Our Readers," and the brief "Critical Notices," in the April number. But in order to give these to Poe it is not necessary to assume that he was in Richmond and on the staff of the *Messenger* at the time they were published; for it will be remembered that the January number, in announcing Poe's resignation, also announced that Poe would continue to contribute to the *Messenger* from time to time. Still it may yet be shown that Poe did not leave Richmond until several weeks—possibly several months—later than has heretofore been generally held. KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas, Austin, June 20.

*The reference is to Mrs. Hale's (trumped-up) autograph letter in Poe's "Autography," *Southern Literary Messenger*, II, p. 603, August, 1836. Mention is there made of the *Mirror*.

REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To one who knows at close range the heroic efforts in behalf of civic righteousness of the little band of prosecutors in San Francisco, and the incredible crimes committed in behalf of the defendants (including jury-fixing and dynamiting, for which some of the agents are in prison), it is disheartening to read such an editorial as appeared on this subject in your issue of June 3. Consider for one moment the results of the police raid on the United Railway Company's safes, which proceeding you deprecate—that there were found in the safes opened an aggregate of hundreds of copies of reports stolen from the district attorney's office. If the safe of a corporation official forms a more sacred asylum for stolen property against the search of proper officials, acting under due warrant, than does the trunk of a thievish servant girl, then the fundamental principle of equality before the law, upon which free government is based, falls to the ground. This epitomizes the issue really on trial in San Francisco.

The evidence shows your implications concerning Mr. Spreckels's motives to be unwarranted. Remember, that Mr. Heney placed Mr. Spreckels on the stand and "let down the bars," that is, allowed the defence utter and entire latitude in cross-examination without raising objections to any line of inquiry whatever, and that, under the most searching and severe questioning, nothing in any manner discreditable to him, or showing anything but proper and high motives, was developed. Here I write from personal knowledge, having been present in the court room during a large part of the cross-examination. That the prosecution did not originate in business rivalry, and that the charge against Patrick Calhoun is not due to malice or personal enmity are clearly proven by sworn testimony that the graft prosecution was planned in December, 1905, four months before the earthquake, and five months before the supervisors were bribed, the ordinance passed, the crime committed for the prosecution of which malice is now charged.

Mr. Spreckels testified directly and unequivocally that Mr. Heney has not received one dollar for his personal services, yet your editorial gives an entirely erroneous impression in this regard.

The detailed items making up the sum you mention were given in evidence as follows:

Francis J. Heney's Account.

Rent	$3,186.25
Office expense	1,522.02
Private exchange and operator	1,949.22
Telegrams	316.82
Postal and messenger expenses	280.26
Travelling expense	118.45
Office salaries	8,634.67
Office furniture	433.50
Auto and carriage hire	957.05
Stenographic and legal expenses	2,147.37
Detective expense	4,232.61
	$23,828.22

Said Gov. Folk, when he was out here a few weeks ago: "It has been the way of those who would discredit the prosecution of corruptionists everywhere, when they cannot attack the things that one does, they will always resort to the cowardly subterfuge of questioning the motives of one in doing those things. Not sincere? When you see a man upon the battlefield, risking his life in a fight against the public enemies, is it fair to ask if he is sincere? The mere fact that he is there demonstrates his sincerity." This is no child's play that these men are engaged in; murder has been attempted more than once against them.

When the whole struggle-out here is seen in its proper significance it will be clear that no group of men has ever performed more patriotic and disinterested service for their country than has this small group led by Spreckels and Heney in the attack against that corruption of government by powerful predatory interests which uncombated can but result in the destruction of free institutions. GUIDO H. MARX,

President Palo Alto League of Justice.

Stanford University, Cal., June 9.

"UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not know whether it has been noted that the Quakers were the first class of people to be stigmatized by ex-President Roosevelt as "undesirable citizens." The passage occurs on p. 37 of his "Life of Ben-

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ton," published in 1886, and reads as follows:

A class of professional non-combatants is as hurtful to the real healthy growth of a nation as is a class of fire-eaters; for a weakness or folly is nationally as bad as a vice, or worse; and, in the long run, a Quaker may be quite as undesirable a citizen as is a duellist. F. H. H.

Lawrence, Kan., June 19.

SCHON ALLES DAGEWESEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The truthfulness of the favorite quotation of Ben Akiba, the aged rabbi in Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta,"

Und alles ist schon einmal dagewesen,

is beautifully illustrated in the *Scientific American* of May 9. The writer and many of the readers of an article in its columns on the phenomenon of seeing double will probably be surprised to learn that the explanation was old in the time of Lactantius, a Latin Christian Father who died in the early part of the fourth century.

I append a translation of section 9 of his "De Opificio Dei"—On the Work of God:

I may at this point reprehend the foolishness of those who attempt to prove the senses untruthworthy by assembling many instances of ocular illusion, among them the well-known fact that the mad and the drunken see everything double; as if, indeed, the cause of this error were at all obscure. For the reason why it occurs lies in this fact, that our eyes are *two*.

But *how* it happens, hear from me. What we see with our eyes rests at bottom upon the attention of the soul (*animus*). And the fact is, inasmuch as the mind (*mens*), as I have said before, looks through the eyes as through windows, that seeing double occurs not merely with the drunk and the insane, but with the sane and sober as well. For if you bring an object too near, it will appear double; because there must intervene a definite space before the lines of vision will converge into one point. Likewise, if you withdraw the soul, so to speak, in meditation, and relax the mind, then the line of vision of each eye is allowed to diverge again, and the eyes begin to have separate vision. If now you again become attentive and give conscious direction to your gaze, what seemed double merges into unity.

Why, then, is it to be wondered at if the mind, while weakened by the poison of strong wine, is unable to attend to its function of seeing, just as the feet fail to walk when the nerves are benumbed, or why is it thought strange if madness, fiercely attacking the brain, disunites the concord of the eyes? So true is what I say, that for the one-eyed, when they become either insane or drunk, it is absolutely impossible to see double.

How extensive is this unconscious plagiarism may be seen by comparing with the above the following from the modern explanation:

In order to see double, one must have two good eyes . . . and as there is nothing to prevent a one-eyed person from getting drunk, all drunkards do not necessarily see double. . . . When we wish to see distinctly, we automatically so adjust the eyes laterally, by converging them more or less, . . . that the image formed in each falls upon the sensitive point of the retina. If the object is too far off to enable us to get a distinct image thereof in either eye, we can do one of several things. We can bring it nearer, etc. . . . If we converge them (the eyes) so that the two images fall on the sensitive point of the corresponding retinas, we get in the brain a sharp image. If, however, from any cause, we are not able to move the eyeballs so as to have the image fall on the respective sensitive points of the retina, we see double. . . . This seeing double can be caused by temporary or permanent paralysis of either the inner or the outer lateral muscles of the eyeballs. For permanent paralysis there may be any one of several causes: for temporary paralysis, also, among these latter being the excessive use of alcohol or of tobacco, or of both together, or the effect of poison, as, for instance, lead. Under the influence of strong drink, the controlling muscles of the eye, like others of the body, are not under command; hence, some drunken subjects stammer in their speech, others stagger in their walk, and others see double.

Grant Showerman.

University of Wisconsin, June 19.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Eliot's library, on a five-foot shelf, would be well worth while, if only for calling attention to a little book, the wisdom and charm and helpfulness of which are known, perhaps, to a limited number. It is a book to live with. William Ellery Channing pronounced it "beyond comparison, the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language," and Charles Lamb forestalled Dr. Eliot by saying, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."

I came to know of Woolman's journal some eight years ago, and have been reading it ever since over and over, in part and as a whole, with a continually increasing appreciation and joy in it. With all its other excellencies, it strikes a distinctly modern note, and fits into our deepest thoughts and questionings of to-day. John Woolman had the keen sense for truth, the broad and tender sympathy with suffering human kind, and the sensitive social conscience of the highest type of twentieth century men and women. He was a forerunner of Tolstoy and of all who, by self-surrender, recognize the brotherhood of man as the method of harmony with the divine will.

Copies of early editions of Woolman's journal are rare, and I noticed one selling at $13 at a sale a few years ago. An edition was printed in Philadelphia in 1774, and another in New York in 1775. The Whittier edition was printed in Boston in 1871, by James R. Osgood & Co. It has a long biographical and critical introduction by the poet. The Macmillans issued a reprint of the journal in 1903, a very handy little volume.

But to England belongs the honor of embodying the legacy left by this fine and saintly spirit, in a manner worthy of its high value. The journal was issued in 1901 in an *édition de luxe* by the Essex House Press, under the supervision of Mr. C. R. Ashbee. The inscription placed at the end of the hand-printed and vellum-bound book reads:

Here ends the Journal of John Woolman, the best of Friends. To whom the Essex House Press would do honor by recording his work in a manner worthy of him. To this end the book has been printed on the guarantee of Mr. John W. Pease and other Friends, with a frontispiece by Reginald Savage, and under the care of C. R. Ashbee.

An edition of 250 copies was printed. A copy was sent me by an English friend, who, in reply to my appreciation of it, wrote:

Very glad you like J. W. in his new English coat, but I don't know what he would say. His scruples about wearing dyed cloth suggest that he might have come under an exercise on the question of bleached vellum.

It belongs on the five-foot shelf, both as literature and as a philosophy of life.

Emma Winner Rogers.

New Haven, Conn., June 22.

Notes.

Sidney Lee has completed his Oxford lectures, and they will be published by Henry Frowde in the autumn, under the title of "The French Renaissance in England."

W. Heffer & Sons will bring out, early in the autumn, an edition of Plato's "Symposium," by R. G. Bury. This is said to be the first annotated edition of the dialogue produced in England.

George Moore has long been at work on a new version of his "Sister Teresa." The rewritten edition of the book is now issued by T. Fisher Unwin of London.

John Lane Company now announces that the author of "King Alfred's Jewel," the poetic drama, is Mrs. Spencer Trask.

Houghton Mifflin Company is about ready to publish a book entitled "1872: Letters written by a Gentleman in Boston to his Friend in Paris, Describing the Great Fire." It is the work of Harold Murdock, an eye-witness of the event, who, in these letters, gives an account of the fire, together with the current gossip of the street.

Dr. C. A. Gibson of 3 Drumsbough Gardens, Edinburgh, is preparing a life of the late Sir William Tennant Gairdner, and requests the loan of letters and documents bearing on the subject.

A letter from Prof. Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago desires us to announce that, through the kindness of Professor Lamprecht and Dr. Davies of the University of Leipzig, arrangements have been made for a special room for Americans who visit the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of Leipzig University. This room is at Goldner Bär, Universität Strasse 11. Americans should register at this place, and they will there receive any information they need.

The Selden Society publications for the year 1909 will be delayed. The society had hoped to give two volumes to subscribers, one the second volume of the "Records of the Star Chamber," by I. S. Leadam, and the other a volume of the "Year Book of the Kentish Eyre of 6 Edward II," by L. W. Vernon Harcourt. The death of Mr. Harcourt before his text was in the printer's hands has suspended the latter publication, and his successor as editor has not yet been finally chosen. Private affairs of I. S. Leadam make the volume by him uncertain. Under these circumstances, the society hopes to give its subscribers for 1909 before the close of the year, Volume V of the "Year Books of Edward II," edited by J. G. Turner, and to publish the volumes originally intended for 1909 at some later period.

Volumes XXI and XXII of the New York Edition of Henry James contain "The Ambassadors," which appeared in the *North American Review* as late as 1903, and which therefore gives no opportunity to the au-

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thor to retell a young story in his old style. As is his custom in this edition, Mr. James tells us in the preface now added how he first got the idea for his tale, what it meant to him, and how he worked it out. As for the essence of the book he finds this in Lambert Strether's irrepressible outbreak to little Bilham in Gloriani's garden over the danger of wasting life:

> Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. It doesn't so much matter what you do in particular so long as you have your life. If you haven't had that, what *have* you had? I'm too old—too old at any rate for what I see. What one loses one loses; make no mistake about that. Still, we have the illusion of freedom; therefore don't, like me to-day, be without the memory of that illusion. I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it, and now I'm a case of reaction against the mistake. Do what you like so long as you don't make it. For it *was* a mistake. Live, live!

We may take this occasion to commend once more the clear type and pleasant page of this edition, which is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two volumes of a sumptuous "Library of Southern Literature" (The Martin & Hoyt Co.), which is to stretch to fifteen, prove that America still leads the world in such publications. If any doubt remains on this point, President Eliot's forthcoming five feet of masterpieces will certainly settle it. These volumes from Dixie follow the model set by the late Mr. Warner's series, and follow it well. The critical and biographical introductions have been carefully prepared under the supervision of Prof. Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia, and with the cooperation of a formidable array of college presidents, Congressmen, clergymen, and other distinguished people. It is true that some of the authors represented have been little heard of outside the States that claim them as citizens; but Mr. Griswold and Mr. Stedman shepherded many such sheep, and we shall not, like naughty boys, pelt with the stones of criticism flocks so piously tended. We may take the later volumes of the series as occasion for more general comment.

"Writing the Short Story," by J. Berg Esenwein (Hinds, Noble & Eldridge), is the most thoroughgoing and perhaps the most instructive treatise which has yet appeared upon this subject. Mr. Esenwein has the great advantage of being a magazine editor. He discusses his theme from the editorial point of view—in other words, he makes the final test of the excellence of a story its fitness for the market. His primary concern is plainly to expound practically the technique of a strictly "up-to-date" piece of work. At the same time he has based his principles upon an extensive induction, taking into consideration the practice of all the leading exponents of the form in several languages. Furthermore, he has utilized to good advantage the half-dozen books and half-hundred articles written by the pioneers in the theory of the art. If his book is the best, it is partly because it is the latest. But he has analyzed his subject and organized his ideas with unusual vigor and perspicuity. He has attacked the problems of the short-story teller, as W. T. Foster has recently attacked those of the debater, with a desire to be present at every moment of difficulty. Each chapter is followed by a summary and a substantial list of questions, which are really suggestive. There are full lists of materials for study, bibliographies, and an index. The book has all the features of a scholarly work. The emphasis placed upon novelties in phrase-making, plot, local color, titles, and narrative method suggests the peculiar strength and the peculiar weakness of this branch of the literary art. The elaborate formulation of the laws of the *genre* suggests that the period of spontaneous development is over.

Overtaken by a grievous malady, Arthur Symons may never write another line. The fact gives a pathetic significance to the re-issue of one of his most characteristic books of criticism, "Plays, Acting, and Music" (Dutton). Though somewhat revised, it is in the main, as before, the salvage of his journalism. But Symons carried journalism into the realm of art. His usefulness rested largely upon a combination, more French than English, of extreme sensitiveness with regular literary habits. An amateur of moods, a restless evoker of phrases to contain them, he kept them, after all, under a kind of discipline. A subtle analyst of the various impressions of beauty, his style was forthright. He required merely an attentive reader when his argument was most difficult. Being a symbolist poet, it was natural that he should work eagerly towards transpositions of the effects of other arts into the medium of his own, prose and poetry. He had fairly invented a method, something between description and suggestion, by which brief words may convey the feeling of music played by a particular artist, or the flavor of some particular evening when Irving, Bernhardt, or Duse acted magnificently. Possibly the most vivid memorials of these moments, for posterity, will be these terse paragraphs of Symons's. His specialty was in a fashion the ultramodern, to which movement as a poet he belonged, but he was never merely the eulogist of the art of the nerves. Indeed, he is often its most remorseless critic. In the present volume he is just to the acting of Irving and to that of the Sicilian players—in both cases alive to the limitations of the opposed *genres*. He can be enthusiastic about Maeterlinck without denigrating Ibsen. His idol Duse does not blind him to the admirable qualities of Julia Marlowe. Exploring Richard Strauss, he does not forget Bach and Beethoven. Pachmann moves him deeply, and so does Ysaye. Here is something more than the indifferentism of the hardened journalist. Symons retained his zest. Every contact with art was a great adventure. And he was at once so faithful to the thing in hand, and so mindful of that whole which we call art, that he is justified in calling a volume apparently composed of rather insubstantial scraps "a book of theory." His present disability will be a grief to all who have hoped for a criticism commanding the advantages of impression while retaining a rationalistic basis.

It is a question whether Prof. F. N. Thorpe's book, "The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson" (The Tandy-Thomas Co.), has by itself a sufficient *raison d'être;* it belongs, however, to a series intended to exhibit the principles of American statesmanship in the writings of American statesmen, and in such a series we suppose Jackson could not be omitted. Jackson's state papers, which make up all but a very small part of the volume, are readily accessible in Richardson's "Messages and Papers of the Presidents"; and the question might also be raised whether they ought, in a series like this, to be credited to Jackson or to the other statesmen—Livingston, Taney, and the rest—who actually wrote them. Jackson's authorship of the seven letters on Nullification which Professor Thorpe gives will not, of course, be questioned. Grammar and spelling leave no doubt of it. But these, though interesting, are hardly enough to justify another bulky Jackson book. We are not sure, by the way, whether or not Professor Thorpe means to be taken seriously when he says, in his brief introduction, that Jackson's spelling "was but a premature use of the reformed spelling." In the "Biographical Outline" Jackson is said to have been born in South Carolina, and there is no allusion to North Carolina's claim, which Parton favored.

We have received from the Macmillan Company two large volumes, I and II, of the "Statistical and Chronological History of the United States Navy, 1775 to 1907," by Robert Wilden Neeser, Fellow of Yale College. The whole is to consist of five parts and is to constitute a comprehensive reference work of our naval history. A most elaborate bibliography engrosses the first volume before us. The second contains Part i, "Administration of the Navy Department and Events and Dates of Reference in United States Naval History"; Part ii, "Engagements, Expeditions, and Captures of Vessels of War," and Part iii, "Captures of Merchantmen." To this is to be added Part iv, a "Complete Record of Every Vessel's Service and Fate," and Part v, "The American Privateers, 1772-1862, the State Navies, 1775-1783, and the Confederate States Navy, 1861-1865." These last two parts will not be finished for some time to come. The author states that "the researches necessary for their completion will cover a number of years, and it would not, therefore, be wise to make any promises." As a work of reference the two books now before us are indispensable to every library and newspaper office and for any student who has hereafter to deal with naval questions. It is evident that effort has been made to render the record accurate in every detail. There is no attempt at a narrative, but simply a brief record of each happening. Mr. Neeser's method and painstaking accuracy may be seen from the following sample record of a prize capture in 1863:

> *Date*—1863, April 20. *Position*—Bull's Bay, S. C. *U. S. Vessel of War*—Lodona. *Class*—S. Str. *Guns*—7. *Commander*—Act. Lt. E. R. Calhoun. *Prize Vessel*—Minnie. *Class*—Schr. *Nationality*—British. *Cargo*—Salt. *Where from*—Nassau. *Bound to*—Baltimore. *Sent to*—Philadelphia. *Remarks*—Condemned.

Copious references to the sources, both original manuscript and printed, follow. In giving accurate and complete information as to the history of the navy, together with a full analysis of the sources consulted, Mr. Neeser has undoubtedly been successful in filling a great need.

L. H. Greenwood's edition of Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics, Book Six" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the best analysis and exposition of that difficult treatise with which we are acquainted. No commentary can make easy reading of Aristotle's discussion

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of the "intellectual" virtues, because it involves in the highest degree that interpenetration of ultimate and still unsettled philosophical problems with questions of mere Aristotelian philology or Greek usage which makes many of Aristotle's writings so much harder than they seem. It is impossible for ethical theory to reunite the intellect and the will when we have once allowed psychological analysis to divide them. Ideally "good" conduct depends on (1) the intellectual apprehension and volition of a good end, and (2) the intellectual apprehension of the means. Adopting φρόνησις as the best available Greek word for intelligence in relation to conduct (as opposed to σοφία theoretic wisdom), Aristotle merely evades the problem by saying that the right end is not revealed except to the man whose will is good, and that where the end is not good we will call intelligence with reference to means either δεινότης cleverness, or πανουργία knavery. This is excellent Platonic rhetoric but no solution. Since, then, final philosophic consistency is not to be expected, we need not with Mr. Greenwood stumble over the passage 1142 b 35, in which φρόνησις is spoken of as the right apprehension of the end and not merely of the means. Φρόνησις is moralized intelligence of the relation of the means to the end. But it cannot be moralized unless the end is right. To go over the whole ground in this way with Mr. Greenwood exceeds our scope. It is enough to say that his translation is accurate, his notes evade no difficulties, his Introduction successfully refutes the arguments for the Eudemian authorship of the book, and his two essays on dialectic method and formal accuracy in the sixth book are full of suggestion and instruction for the student of Aristotle.

The Old Persian inscriptions of the Achæmenian King, Darius Hystaspes, on the cliff of Behistun, by all odds the most important early epigraphical records of the Indo-Germanic race, have twice been carefully examined within the last few years, by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson of Columbia University in 1903, and by L. W. King and R. C. Thompson of the British Museum in 1904. The work of these scholars has gone far toward elucidating many problematical readings recorded by Major Rawlinson in his great edition of the Old Persian inscriptions, published in 1846-47; and while it is by no means impossible that some fragments may yet be found of the copies of the inscription which Darius expressly declares that he sent "into all lands" (one of eight lines has, in fact, been discovered by Koldewey at Babylon), we are already in a position to regard the text of the Achæmenian records as approximately fixed. In view of all this, Prof. Herbert C. Tolman of Vanderbilt University, the leading American authority on Old Persian, has issued, in his "Ancient Persian Lexicon and Texts" (American Book Co.), what must be regarded for many years to come as the best edition thus far made, not only of the Behistun texts, but of the entire body of Old Persian inscriptions. The volume is adapted equally to the most advanced specialist in Old Persian and to the beginner. The text is admirably printed, every reading which the original cuneiform script renders obscure (as *vazarka*, "great," instead of the more common reading *vazraka*) is fully justified either in the footnotes or in the vocabulary, and the translation is most faithful. The *cruces* in the text are treated with the utmost care, and the few *lacunæ* which can reasonably be supplied are filled with plausible conjectures. The lexicon is equally admirable. Every form of each word is given, together with copious etymological equivalents, not only in Avesta, Sanskrit, etc., but also in such modern languages as Afghan, Baluchi, and the Persian dialects. The author is in complete control of the literature of his subject, to which he gives full references; and it is especially gratifying to note that he has directed particular attention to the lexicographical light thrown upon the Old Persian vocabulary by the marvellous manuscript discoveries of the Grünwedel-Le Coq expedition to Chinese Turkestan.

A book of great value for all students of Zoroastrianism and of Oriental religions in general has been prepared by Ervad Maneckji Nusservanji Dhalla in his "Nyaishes or Zoroastrian Litanies" (Columbia University Indo-Iranian Series, Vol. VI). This comprises the transcribed Avesta text with the native translations in Pahlavi, Sanskrit, Persian, and Gujarati, and an English version of both the Avesta and its Oriental renderings. Particular interest attaches to the Pahlavi commentary (of which Dr. Dhalla had eighteen manuscripts at his disposal) and to the Persian version, both of which are here satisfactorily edited for the first time. The variant readings of the Pahlavi manuscripts are fully given, and all passages in the English version which require elucidation receive attention in a separate appendix of notes. Dr. Dhalla announces a similar volume on the Yashts for the same series, and, it is to be hoped, will ultimately edit in like fashion the Visparad, Gahs, and Afringans. A work which would thus parallel the Pahlavi text of the Vendidad and the edition of the Gathas by Professor Mills of Oxford would be invaluable to all interested in the religious thought of ancient Persia.

Vol. XXXVI, part i (pp. 162), of the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, contains five papers of notable value. Dr. Timothy Richards, surveying Chinese history, treats of the problem of life in New China. He believes there is hope for the Chinese if they recognize that the fundamental principles found in Confucianism and Buddhism are in perfect accord with the principles of Christianity. Dazai Jun's essay on "Adoption and Marriage" opens a great window into Japanese social life. Professor Kato reveals the primitive monotheism of Japan in treating of the ancient Shinto God Deity-Master-of-the-August-Centre-of-Heaven, one of the triad in which are the Lofty-Producer and the Divine-Producer. While the two latter have always been very popular and their shrines numerous, no authentic shrine was ever dedicated to the Supreme Deity. The chief article is upon the "Life and Teaching of Nakae Toju," born in 1608, the expounder of the philosophy in which the makers of the New Japan were trained. Confucianism, as recast by Shushi in China in the twelfth century, was fixed as the orthodoxy of Japan by the Yedo shoguns for political ends, to traverse or attack which might mean imprisonment or death. The newer philosophy of Oyomei (1472-1528), as expounded by the Japanese independent thinker, the contemporary of Sir Thomas More, Tyndale, and Descartes, saved Japan from the deadening clutch of a single school. While Shushiism stood for arbitrary power, Oyomeism asserted the rights of the people, even to revolt against a bad ruler, and so trained the spirits who overthrew the shogun and feudalism. The chief categories in both schools were the same, but Oyomei made ethics, not philosophy, the central interest, and in practice identified thought and action.

A most entertaining and in many respects quite remarkable book is Gräfin Elizabeth von Montgelas's "Von meiner Löwin und anderen Lieblingen," just published by the Graphische Kunstanstalt, in Munich. The authoress is a warm friend of horses, dogs, and cats, as well as apes, leopards, and other fierce beasts, which she shows great tact in taming and domesticating. Wild and vicious horses, which had been abandoned as intractable, she has often succeeded in breaking and wholly subjecting to her will. Especially interesting is the account of her experience with a lioness, which she bought, when it was three months old, from a collection of animals in Nuremberg. On her way home with her purchase she was obliged to wait an hour or more for the train in Munich, where she let the young lioness run about in the station and amuse the people by its pranks. A policeman deemed it his duty to investigate the unusual exhibition, and asked her what kind of an animal that was. She replied that it was a "Nubian cat," knowing that she would probably get into trouble if she said that it was a lioness. This information seemed to be satisfactory, since a cat of any kind could not be a source of public danger. At home her pet enjoyed the same freedom as a cat or dog, but was far more expensive to keep, since it consumed ten or fifteen pounds of meat every day. It disliked the sound of the piano, and tried to push her aside with its head and to seize her hands with its paws when she was playing, but desisted when she boxed its ears. She never permitted it to have its will in opposition to her own, but always asserted her supremacy. She speaks of it as very vain, but adds that this characteristic is quite natural, if we take into account its beauty and its sex. The volume is rendered additionally attractive by numerous illustrations. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the proposed establishment of a zoological garden in Munich, a project in which the Countess takes a lively interest.

Sarah Orne Jewett died June 24, at her home at South Berwick, Me., after an illness of many months. She was born in 1849 in the house where she died, a pretty colonial building erected more than 150 years ago. Her father, Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, for many years a physician of wide reputation and practice, possessed historical and antiquarian tastes. Owing to Miss Jewett's delicate health most of her education was received at home under the supervision of her father, and a glimpse of their happy companionship is given in "A Country Doctor." Her first story for the *Atlantic Monthly* was accepted before she was twenty. "Deephaven" was her first success, and since then she has published a long list of books, including "Play Days,"

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"Old Friends and New," "Country Byways," "The Mate of the Daylight," "A Marsh Island," "Strangers and Wayfarers," "The Story of the Normans," written for the Story of Nations Series; "A Native of Winby and Other Tales," "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," "The Queen's Twin," and "The Tory Lover" (1901).

From Paris comes the report of the death of Claude Motteroz, at the age of seventy-eight. He was known as the editor of *L'Imprimerie*, and as a printer of many handsome books for the Maison Quantin, and afterwards for the Librairies-Réunies.

Prof. Ernst von Halle, the well-known writer on political and naval topics, has died in Berlin at the age of forty-one. In 1895 he published in English "Trusts in the United States" and in 1908 "Rise and Tendencies of German Transatlantic Enterprise." Among his German works are "Reisebriefe aus Westindien und Venezuela," "Die Seeinteressen Deutschlands," "Volks- und Seewirtschaft," 'Die Schiffsbauindustrie in Deutschland," "Handelsmarine und Kriegsmarine," "Einfluss der Seemacht an die deutsche Geschichte," and "Weltproduktion und Welthandel."

THE JACOBEAN BOCCACCIO.

The Decameron. Preserved to Posterity by Giovanni Boccaccio and Translated into English Anno 1620; with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. 4 Vols. [The Tudor Translations, edited by W. E. Henley: Vols. XLI-XLIV.] London: David Nutt.

The first English translation of the Decameron was published, anonymously, in 1620, in two parts, each in one volume. By 1625 Part One seems to have been out of print, while copies of Part Two were still on hand. Part One was then reprinted and sold together with the remaining copies of the original issue of Part Two. Some sets are therefore dated in this apparently anomalous fashion: Volume and Part One, 1625; Volume and Part Two, 1620. From the note at Vol. I, p. cxxvii of the present edition, it appears that one of these sets has been chosen as the basis of this reprint.

The choice is to be regretted, not only because of the greater value of a consistent reprint of any one edition—an *editio princeps* at that—but for another reason as well. The title-page of Part One, as here reprinted (p. 1), reads: "The Modell of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence and Conversation. Framed in ten dayes, of an hundred curious pieces, by seven honourable Ladies, and three noble Gentlemen. Preserved to posterity by the renowned John Boccaccio, the first refiner of Italian prose, and now translated into English. 1625." In order to place the name "Decameron" in the title of the reprint, Mr. Hutton was obliged to substitute the hybrid if not actually misleading title which heads this review. Now, the *editio princeps* offered a perfectly clear and unaffected title-page: "The Decameron. Containing an hundred pleasant Nouels. Wittily discoursed betweene seauen honourable Ladies, and three noble Gentlemen. In two Parts. 1620." Of any reason for choosing the 1625-1620 set Mr. Hutton says nothing.

Nor does he explain a matter still more essential—the relation of this book to the original Decameron. Let not the unwary reader suppose that here he has Boccaccio before him, even in an inaccurate version. It is a far cry indeed from the real Boccaccio to this affected, moralized, and emasculated Jacobean translation—utterly void of joy, deficient in pathos as in humor, and quite degenerate from the Elizabethan splendor of style. What has happened to the Decameron?

The earliest list of prohibited books to condemn the Decameron is believed to be that known as the Index of Paul IV, issued by the Roman Inquisition in 1559. Its entry hints at a possible expurgation:

> Boccatii Decades seu novellae centum, quae hactenus cum intolerabilibus erroribus impressae sunt, et quae in posterum cum eisdem erroribus imprimentur.

The suggestion was effectuated by the Council of Trent, which in 1564 placed on its Index Librorum Prohibitorum

> Boccacij Decades, seu novellæ centum, quandiu expurgatæ ab ijs, quibus patres rem commiserunt, non prodierint.

Accordingly, in 1573 there was published at Florence (Giunti) a version "ricorretto et emendato," that is, expurgated as ordered by the Council, and as approved by Popes Pius V and Gregory XIII. Upon this text and the Mannelli MS. the Cavaliere Lionardo Salviati based his famous version—Venice, 1582 (Giunti)—which professes to differ from that of 1573 only in verbal changes specified at the end, but which in fact here and there changes the *novelle* themselves. The editor, like the Florentine *Deputati* of 1573, professes to offer a text "alla sua vera lezione ridotto"; and as the reward of his conformity receives a gorgeous array of *privilegii*. Nevertheless, in 1588 (and again in 1590) at Venice (Zoppini Fratelli & Onofrio Farri) there was published an independent version "Di nuovo riformato"—that is, with mutilations differing from those of other texts—by Luigi Groto, a blind man of Adria, with the license of the Venetian Inquisition. Probably there were other versions of the same kind. Their common characteristic is that in general they leave Boccaccio's licentiousness without essential change, but so modify his *dramatis personae* that the church shall not be scandalized. Thus the offensive stories are told no longer of abbots, friars, monks, nuns or other ecclesiastical persons, but of lay folk—students, judges, princesses in retirement, and the like. In Salviati, the Angel Gabriel becomes Cupid (IV, 2); Fortune, that pagan concept, is dropped from the story of Rinaldo d'Este (II, 2); Masetto da Lamporecchio is a Hebrew youth, who tends the garden of a seraglio near Alexandria, belonging to the Soldan of Babylon (III, 1); and the tale of Alibech and Rustico (III, 10) is turned into mere nonsense.

The English translation of 1620, as Koeppel has pointed out, is based upon Salviati. Of this fact, the exact correspondence in nomenclature and treatment of such stories as II, 7; III, 1; and IV, 2, in both versions, leaves no doubt. The English translator's frequent though inconsistent use of French forms for Italian names suggests that he had before him, together with Salviati, a French text—perhaps the old translation by Laurens de Premierfaict, which was reprinted as late as 1541, or the newer translation by Antoine le Maçon (first ed. 1545, often reprinted). That he did not *translate* from Le Maçon is certain. Le Maçon follows the real Decameron faithfully.

Beginning, then, with a mutilated text of Boccaccio, the English translator proceeded to take further liberties. First he restored, in many places, the ecclesiastical personages of the real Decameron: *e. g.*, though he retained Salviati's "God Cupid" instead of Boccaccio's Angel Gabriel, he restored *Friar* Albert instead of Salviati's marriage-broker (IV, 2); and permitted the errant daughter of the King of England (II, 3) to reappear disguised as an "Abbot," not as Salviati's *Cavaliere*. Naturally, in Protestant England the translator had little interest in saving the Church of Rome from scandal—rather the contrary.

On the other hand, Protestant England was rapidly becoming Puritan England; at least, a considerable portion of its reading public would not buy Boccaccio unexpurgated. More important still, the translation had to be licensed. In 1587 the Archbishop of Canterbury had authorized the printing of the Decameron in Italian; but as no copies of this edition have been found, nobody knows whether the text was mutilated or unmutilated, or whether it was ever printed at all. In any case, times had changed. Under date of "22° Martij, 1619" (N. S. 1620), the Stationers' Register contains the following entry:

> Master *William Jaggard*, recalled by my lord of Canterburyes comand. Entered for his copie vnder the handes of Master TAUERNOR and Master Swinhowe, warden. A booke called *The Decameron of* Master JOHN BOCCACE *Florentine. . . . vjd.*

"So this edition of Boccaccio," is Prof. Arber's comment, "was licensed by the Bishop of London through his secretary, and that license afterwards

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revoked by the Primate." The years 1619 and 1620 (both O. S. and N. S.) show no further entry of the Decameron. Was the book printed and issued between the time of the license and that of the revocation, and then suffered to remain unsuppressed as having been published innocently? Or did it undergo further changes, and receive a second authorization, not entered in the Register? Certainly the changes which have left it in its present form were radical—genuine expurgations as we now understand the term. Rinaldo d'Este marries the widow (II, 2); Ricciardo Minutolo repents, while "Catulla" dies in despair (III, 6); Alibech and Rustico (III, 10) vanish altogether, and in their place appears the tedious edifying tale of "Serictha" (Syritha), Princess of Denmark, taken, via Belleforest, from Saxo Grammaticus. Moreover, each tale is provided with a moralizing caption, *e. g.* (IV, 2): "The Second Novell. Reprehending the lewd lives of dissembling hypocrites; and checking the arrogant pride of vaine-headed women."

Finally, the translator injected into the style his own preciosity and bathos. Of his version as a monument of English prose let one specimen suffice—taken almost at random, from that pathetic story of Isabella (IV, 5) which Keats immortalized. Would he have been inspired by this?

> At these harsh words, Isabella fell into abundance of teares, where-among she mingled many sighes and groanes, such as were able to overthrow a farre stronger constitution.

The old immortal pages, indeed!

Concerning all this—the *provenance*, the bibliographical and literary history, and the style, of the translation which he professes to introduce—Mr. Hutton says (p. cxxiv): "In 1620 the first practically complete edition appeared, *translated inaccurately, but very splendidly, apparently from the French version of Antoine le Macon (sic)*." This, and nothing more. It would be difficult to frame another assertion which, so meagre, should yet be so misleading and inaccurate. There is no excuse for the attribution to "le Macon"; for Mr. Hutton had before him Koeppel's valuable article (*Quellen und Forschungen*, Vol. LXX), which shows that Salviati was the source.

Assuming that the reader of the present translation has no desire to know what it really is, or how it came to be so, Mr. Hutton makes the further assumption that the reader *is* interested in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Boccaccio's birth, of Fiammetta's birth, and of their amour. To gossip of this sort he devotes rather more than the first half of the Introduction. True, these circumstances (p. lvii) "decided the rest of [Boccaccio's] life, and are in many ways by far the most important in his whole career." But that life and that career, set forth at such disproportionate length, vanish, as Mr. Hutton himself repeatedly assures us (pp. x, c-ci), in the complete impersonality and objectivity of the Decameron. It is not clear why he should give so much valuable space to matter, often controversial, about a life which leaves no trace upon the book in hand.

Next in bulk to the biographical matter comes the detailed comment upon Boccaccio's works other than the Decameron—a comment of doubtful relevancy, as Mr. Hutton perceives in the case of the "Ninfale Fiesolano" (p. lxxxii): "The story—but what does the story matter here?" etc. What does it matter, indeed, in introducing a translation of the Decameron? Almost everywhere, Mr. Hutton falls between these two stools, now neglecting to give his readers information they need and look for, now offering them information which, interesting as it may be, is far from the purpose.

When Mr. Hutton at last (p. c) reaches the Decameron, his criticism once more defeats expectation. "The greatest story-teller in the world! Does that seem a hard saying?" Such an opening leads us to expect—what, indeed, were greatly to be desired—a study of just wherein consists the excellence of Boccaccio's narrative art. Probably nothing else would so swiftly and effectually have illuminated this subject as a brief comparison of almost any one of the more highly developed *novelle* with its sources. The story of "Tito and Gisippo" (X, 8), for instance, is founded upon an excessively bald and jejune tale from the "Disciplina Clericalis" of Pedro Alfunsi (after 1106) and upon an excessively diffuse Old French poem, "Athis et Prophilias" (about 1200). Boccaccio, with artistic purpose, expands the first and contracts the second; chooses from the second his opening and from the first his close; and largely adopts from the second—here an excellent model—the distribution of his material into stages and scenes, the location of the events in Athens and Rome, and the use of dialogue, soliloquy, introspection, and pathos. Even Boccaccio's mistake—the placing of a long rhetorical harangue in the mouth of his Roman hero—has its own significance. It is in such crucial choices that the literary craftsman can be seen at his work: here—in his infusion of life and human character into this mere ὕλη of mediæval story—here Boccaccio's "humanism" is indeed made manifest; both his "interest in whatever has interested mankind," in the continuance of the great humane tradition, and his skill in remoulding it to the ends of art. But instead of this or any other solid literary study, what Mr. Hutton offers by way of criticism of the Decameron is, first, a lengthy quotation from the Prologue, describing the circumstances and the scene wherein the stories were told—the very same matter that we are soon to read in the reprint itself; then, apropos of the scene, a discussion, partly controversial again, of whether Poggio Gherardo and the Villa Palmieri are really the places Boccaccio intended; and, more generally, such sophomoric *obiter dicta* as the following (p. xi):

> The most human writer that the Renaissance produced in Italy, [Boccaccio] might seem in humanism to have had but two rivals in the awakening world, Chaucer and Shakespeare, who as it happens were the one a lesser and the other a far greater man than he.

This frothy superficiality is the more disappointing because now and again Mr. Hutton has a really keen *aperçu*: "[The Decameron] deals with man as life does, never taking him very seriously, or without a certain indifference, a certain irony and laughter" (p. cxv). The comparison of Chaucer with Boccaccio (p. cvi-cviii), concluding that the one excels in the characterization of his narrators, the other in the plot and the setting of his narrative, is sound criticism. The account of Boccaccio's relations with Petrarch shows genuine insight into one of the "varieties of religious experience," that anomalous outgrowth—so frequent in the Renaissance and so difficult for the non-Latin to understand—of mysticism from sensuality.

The causes which explain the late appearance of this translation also explain in part its failure to influence English literature. Puritanism was come, and "it was never merrie England since." But there were other causes. The Italian *novella* had had a magnificent, a double, "fortune" in England. It had inspired similar English *novelle*, and then it had found upon the Elizabethan stage the form most completely expressive of that single dramatic situation wherein the essence of the *novella* consists. Now its day was passing. The Elizabethan drama was in its decline; and fiction was turning to the more elaborate, expansive, and structural forms of the romance, from which it was acquiring that *longue haleine* which is the condition precedent to the novel. As Rohde has suggested, the relation of the *novella* to the heroic romance of the seventeenth century—and, we may add, to the modern novel—is much the same as the relation of the Milesian tales to the "Æthiopica." In neither case does the greater form build itself up out of the lesser: the difference is a difference in kind. The *novella*, despite its recurrent vogue at the Restoration, never again inspired in England any great form of literature. The translation of 1620, then, came *post festum*, and made no particular impression upon English writers. So that the present reprint, unlike the reprints of Hoby's

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Castiglione, Fenton's Bandello, Underdowne's Heliodorus, Silvester's Du Bartas, and others of the Tudor Translations, is scarcely more than a literary curiosity.

The proofreading of the Introduction leaves much to be desired. It would be charitable to attribute the following to the printer: "Fiammetta's mother (whom he has told us was French)" (p. xiv); "And then her eyes, it is always them he praises best" (p. lii); "oppogiato" for *appoggiato* (p. xxxii); "precursi" for *precursori* (p. lxxi); "ò" for *è* (p. lxxvi); "Clectophon" for *Cleitophon* (p. lxxxii); "Stipendari" for *Stipendiarii* (p. lxxxvi); "Acceni" for *Accenni* (p. xcvii); "girdi" for *gridi*, and "logge" for *loggie* (p. cxviii); "Volkes" for *Völker* (p. cxxii); "le Macon" for *le Maçon* (p. cxxiv). The list of Elizabethan translations and imitations of the several *novelle* (p. cxxiii), which Mr. Hutton takes over from Koeppel with only a "Cf." *pour tout remerciement*, is full of misprints and blunders, among which the prize falls easily to "Nachgeahunt of Whetstone." Unacquainted with this work, we turn to Koeppel's list, and find that "Nachgeahunt of" is meant as the English equivalent of *Nachgeahmt von!*

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bride of the Mistletoe. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Serious effort is not so common among American writers of fiction as to deserve anything but respectful recognition when it actually manifests itself. There is no doubt about the seriousness of James Lane Allen's intent. He clearly looks upon his function as prophetic. His utterances, which are few, come forth with a measured and oracular air. His last novel appeared three years ago, and the present story, which is, he says, not a novel, only partly expresses a theme upon which we are to suppose him to have been pondering during the interval of silence. This theme is the American home, its sanctity and its perils.

We have had occasion before now to call attention to the "sentimental voluptuousness," the gauze-veiled eroticism, which has given its peculiar note, and lure, to Mr. Allen's work. There is a touch of unwholesomeness in the particularity with which he is wont to appeal to the lust of the fancy. He will not let us think of an attractive woman without bearing constantly in mind the existence of a body under her clothes. He deals not in the nude, but in the provocatively draped; his imagination finds something too ravishingly improper in the idea of nakedness. Sterne had the same kind of fancy, but redeemed or half-redeemed it by humor, of which Mr. Allen has not a gleam. And in this day of the world, humor or no, the Peeping Tom method must be considered as pretty definitely relegated to the "Amusement Parlors" and their literary equivalents. Mr. Allen's code is of the age when ladies walked with limbs, and men wore inexpressibles. No seriousness of intent can greatly avail Mr. Allen as long as this taint remains. When are we to have done with this harping upon the physiology of marriage? Here is a story of a healthy, natural man who, after ten years of happy marriage, has become less ardent in his billing and cooing than at first. The wife has wished him to be always the same, and at last is goaded to charge him with the horrid fault of having changed in his feeling for her. He does not deny the charge—as what honest husband, or wife, could? She suggests, rather grossly, that he would probably be rather glad if she were to make room for a successor. He does not deny this, and the wife is hysterical. This sufficiently simple theme is embroidered with much fanciful and pompous imagery; we do not quite see what it all amounts to. There is everywhere the suggestion of strain and effort. The writer is evidently determined to do a big thing. How self-consciously he works is suggested by the motto he chooses from Maupassant: "Il faut trouver aux choses une signification qui n'a pas été encore découverte et tâcher de l'exprimer d'une façon personelle."

Mr. Allen has his own manner, but his new meaning is not made clear by way of it. However, we are to have a sequel shortly, dealing with the same characters and their children; and "a third work, not fiction," presenting an interpretation of the Christmas Tree. "These three works," says Mr. Allen, "will serve to complete each other, and they complete a cycle of the theme." We may well wish that the writer's faith in the dignity of his work may be justified.

The Little Gods. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

It is a precious gift of youth that it can imitate boldly, innocently, and, often, quite successfully. Kipling to-day is not the literary idol he was five years ago; but if Mr. Thomas had been set the task of writing a volume of Kipling stories, we cannot imagine how he could have turned out anything better than the collection he now offers us. The resemblance begins in the title of the book and continues through the pseudo-mystic prologue and the succession of episodes down to minute details of phraseology. The general theme helps out the parallel with Kipling, if, indeed, it did not suggest it. For Mr. Thomas's stories are of life in the Philippines, and from Manila to Mandalay is but a stone's throw. The strut of Kipling's Englishman, benevolent despot over millions of abject, inferior Hindus, is minutely reproduced in the strut of the lordly American among a million inferior Filipinos. There are three infantrymen in Mr. Thomas's book who are no other than our old friends Mulvaney, Otheris, and Learoyd. There is insistence on the gulf that separates East from West and on the danger of mixing white blood with dark.

Exorcise the ghosts of the past, and Mr. Thomas's volume stands out as a collection of clever and charming stories. They are told with artful directness. There is enough "go" in them to satisfy the most impatient temperament, and yet they do not drag the poor reader along by the scruff of the neck. The book has fancy, pathos, and humor; the last of a very abundant and uncloying kind. We like very much the vagabond gambler who impressed the natives by calling himself El Duque de la Calle Milochentaitres in America—the Duke of 1083d Street.

Daughters of the Rich. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

It is to be assumed that the witting and voluntary reading of Mr. Saltus excludes one for the time from the category of "the Young Person," and consequently one opens his pages in the full expectation of finding a simple domestic hearth-brush called a muck-rake; but though we take up this book with our sensibilities steeled to immorality, its puerility shocks us grievously. It is strange that a practised hand like that of Mr. Saltus should have released to any mark but the waste-basket a thing that suggests, both in tone and style, a muddy-minded schoolboy's first attempts to imitate De Maupassant. As a piece of unintentional humor, it has some merit, a fact which is patent in the climactic speech of the orange-haired heroine as she casts herself into the hero's arms: "What girl would refuse a man who loved her enough to kill another woman for her? Dearest, I adore you!" This pretty ending is, fitly enough, the gem of the tale.

Mr. Opp. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

The hero of Mrs. Rice's latest book is by no means so exhilarating a character as Mrs. Wiggs, optimist of the cabbage-patch. The story of his life is set in the humorous-pathetic key, and is spun out perhaps a third longer than was necessary. As a result the reading becomes a little dreary before it becomes really interesting. Yet Mr. Opp is a very human being, and distinctly one of us. Vulgar in speech, mind, and manners, he has a heart full of smothered sentiment and struggling half-instinctive idealism. He says "ain't," wears a big seal ring on his forefinger, and

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utters bombast; but he is ruinously honest in business, is a faithful dog in love, and heroically devoted to his insane sister. Energetic but almost stupid, he fails in everything he undertakes—as book-agent, as shoe salesman, as editor of a village paper—and yet with the expansiveness of a Micawber and a kind of touching, child-like invincibility, he looks out from his sordid present into an ever-auroral future. One cannot have an honest laugh at the poor fellow in the entire course of his history; for every time he falls into an outwardly ludicrous situation, one knows that his soft heart is bleeding. Upon the last scene of his unquestioning self-sacrifice comedy must drop a tear. Mr. Opp is a hero worth knowing; he bears with more than common fortitude the common lot.

Studies and Notes Supplementary to Stubbs's Constitutional History Down to the Great Charter. By Charles Petit-Dutaillis; translated by W. E. Rhodes. Pp. xiv+152. Manchester: At the University Press.

One of the reproaches most often cast at latter-day British historical scholarship, is its frequent failure to keep abreast of recent publications. In no way is this fault more annoyingly evident that in the absence of improvements in successive editions of standard books. The task of revising and supplementing the work of earlier years in the light of recent monographs and periodical literature is doubtless tedious and uninspiring, but it is also unavoidable; if the author does not do it, the student must.

Stubbs's "Constitutional History" has for many years been a case in point. Edition after edition has appeared, without extensive revision or improvement, until the work, though still indispensable as a whole, has in numerous important particulars become entirely out of date. Meantime, its value as a foundation for all study of English constitutional history in the middle ages has become thoroughly recognized on the Continent, in France as well as in Germany; and a few years ago a French translation was undertaken by Prof. Petit-Dutaillis of the University of Lille (now rector of that of Grenoble), whose "Étude sur le règne de Louis VIII," and elaborate introduction to André Réville's treatise on the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 have already indicated an intimate and scholarly acquaintance with this field. But the Frenchman did not merely restrict himself to translation. When, in 1907, the first volume of his edition appeared, it was found that he had added over 130 closely-printed pages of supplement and correction, incorporating in the original the results of the researches of Fustel de Coulanges, Meitzen, Maitland, Seebohm, Round, and upwards of a score of other lesser lights, and thus bringing Stubbs's work for the first time really up to date. The present book is a careful and accurate English translation of these additional pages, published for the first time as a separate volume.

The work comprises twelve studies, varying in length from two to twenty-eight pages. The first five fall within the Anglo-Saxon period, the sixth and seventh within Anglo-Norman, the last five within that of the three first Plantagenets. The three most important essays deal with the Origin of the Manor (an admirable survey of one of the oldest of controversies), the Origin of the Exchequer, and the Great Charter. They are, for the most part, based on the work of others, but towards the last, when dealing with a field in which he is himself a recognized authority, Prof. Petit-Dutaillis frequently presents his own views. Lucidity, precision, and common-sense characterize every page. A few passages from the concluding paragraph on the "Reasons of the Constitutional Importance of the Great Charter" may well be cited as an example:

> The importance of the Great Charter is in reality due to its fulness, its comprehensiveness, to the variety of problems which it attempts to solve. It does not differ fundamentally from the charters of liberties which preceded it in the twelfth century. . . . Finally, it was the result of a celebrated crisis. The aristocracy in arms wrested it by main force from a prince as redoubtable by his intelligence as by his vices, and its publication was followed by a terrible civil war, which ended in its solemn confirmation. It thus became a symbol of successful struggle against royal tyranny; men have discovered in it, in the course of centuries, all sorts of principles of which its authors had not the least notion, and have made of it the "Bible of the Constitution." There is no need to seek elsewhere the causes of its success in the middle ages and of its long popularity in modern times.

Surely, these are golden words. Certainly one could ask for no better answer to the endless stream of sentimental twaddle which the mere mention of Magna Carta usually evokes to-day. And it is difficult to see how any one but a Frenchman, untinged by patriotic prepossessions, could have made it with such good grace.

A History of Canada, 1763-1812. By Sir C. P. Lucas, K.C.M.G., C.B. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

The Making of Canada. By A. G. Bradley. New York: E. P. Dutton and $3 net.

Canada has never lacked historians of her own, from Lescarbot and Charlevoix (if one may count them Canadians) to Kingsford and Bourinot. Yet she is indebted to American and English historians for some of the most effective narratives of her past. It is not surprising that American historians of Canada should have selected the French régime as the field of their studies. Being for the most part New Englanders—notably Parkman, Winsor, and Fiske—they were more interested in that part of Canadian history that touched the development of New England at so many points, than in the more remote, or less intimate, incidents of the English epoch. It is equally natural that English historians should devote their attention to the period of British rule, with its innumerable links between the old land and the new, and its intensely interesting experiments in British colonial policy.

English scholars who have turned to Canadian history can count no Parkman among their number; it is, indeed, not likely that just such a genius will ever again write on the subject. Yet it must be gratifying to Canadians, as it is to all who have at heart the writing of true history, that English writers of the stamp of Sir C. P. Lucas and Mr. Arthur Bradley should have given time and thought to the interpretation of Canadian problems. Differing somewhat in their point of view and treatment, both these writers seem to have planned their work along the same broad lines laid down by Francis Parkman. With inevitable limitations, they are each doing for the English period of Canadian history what he did so surpassingly well for the French régime—dividing it into fairly well-defined epochs, and treating each of these in a separate volume. Mr. Bradley had already covered the brief but stirring period of the conquest in his "Fight with France for North America"; and had told the story of contemporary life in his "Canada in the Twentieth Century." In the present volume, "The Making of Canada," he takes up the period of transition, the half-century following the conquest, from 1763 to and including the War of 1812. Similarly, Sir C. P. Lucas had devoted a volume to the "Canadian War of 1812," and now, in his "History of Canada, 1763-1812," goes back to the preceding epoch. As a matter of fact, the two volumes before us cover almost the same ground, the principal difference being that Mr. Bradley deals briefly here with the War of 1812, which Sir C. P. Lucas had handled more fully in his previous book.

A comparison of the two works reveals to some extent the differences in matter and manner of the writers. Mr. Bradley's appeal is to the general reader. His book is always readable, but scarcely profound. It is in effect a popular account of the three principal events that belong to this particular period: Montgomery's invasion of Canada and siege of Quebec; the coming of the Loyalists; and the War of 1812.

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There is ample room here for effective writing, and Mr. Bradley makes good use of his opportunities. The chief merit of his book is that it brings together in one volume, and in attractive form, material that is elsewhere available only in elaborate treatises, or, on the other hand, in the crowded pages of a general history. It cannot be said, however, that he succeeds in throwing much new light on this portion of Canadian history, nor does he seem to have made any particular use of the wealth of documentary material that has recently been discovered through the efforts of the Dominion Archivist. It is, in fact, just here that Sir C. P. Lucas's work is most clearly distinguishable from that of Mr. Bradley. It will never have the same wide appeal, but to the serious student it will possess a value that the other lacks. Sir C. P. Lucas's book is not so much a narrative of Canadian history as an analysis, exceedingly acute and scholarly, of the causes and consequences of certain events that mark the period. As his "Canadian War of 1812" was based upon such hitherto untouched material as Cruikshank's "Documentary History of the War of 1812," and the manuscript records in the Canadian Archives; so in the present work he has made effective use of the splendid collection of material brought together in Shortt and Doughty's "Documents relating to the Constitutional History of Canada," and Egerton and Biggar's "Canadian Constitutional Development." His work is therefore sharply defined from all previous attempts to write the history of this period; it corrects a number of errors into which previous historians had been led, because they lacked the original documents now available; and it forms, with the "Canadian War of 1812," the best available history of Canada from 1763 to 1815. It is much to be hoped that Sir C. P. Lucas will continue his researches and give us in time a complete series of monographs covering the whole period of British rule.

Science.

Cyclopedia of American Agriculture: A Popular Survey of Agricultural Conditions, Practices, and Ideals in the United States and Canada. Edited by L. H. Bailey. With 100 full-page plates and more than 2,000 illustrations in the text. Vol. I: Farms. Vol. II: Crops. Vol. III: Animals. Vol IV: Farm and Community. New York: The Macmillan Co. $20.

The completion of Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture" has for the first time brought within reach of the general reader a comprehensive digest of the agricultural literature which has been poured forth in baffling abundance by experiment stations, colleges, societies, and governmental departments. In the multitude of their counsellors the farmers have found confusion rather than wisdom. In the bulletins, reports, and farm journals, what is new and important is buried in a mass of repetitions and irrelevant detail. That the enormous sums donated by the Federal government and the States for the promotion of agriculture have paid on the whole, is undeniable, but it is also undeniable that a considerable part of this expenditure has been wasted in incompetent and misdirected experimentation and unwarranted publication.

Prof. Liberty H. Bailey was eminently qualified to sift this literature and present its best results in popular form; for the Cornell Experiment Station, under his direction, has been a pioneer in the task of educating the people in agricultural science by means of attractive and practical bulletins. His "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," in four volumes, is the model followed by the present work. He has enlisted as collaborators and contributors most of the men prominent in agricultural investigation in this country, several hundred names being credited with assistance in various capacities. As the articles are signed, the reader is enabled to judge for himself of their authority, and also, where he knows the attitude of the authors on disputed questions, to make allowance for the personal equation. There is, of course, a great diversity of style, and not a little divergence of view, but the planning and editing have been managed so that the different articles fit together well, and there is not an undue amount of repetition. The arrangement is, for the most part, topical, so that the volumes can be read continuously or used for reference by aid of the index. The pictures are really illustrations, mostly small line-drawings inserted in the text, with occasional pages of half-tones. Some of the pictures of both kinds are obviously superfluous, but the proportion of such is smaller than usual in works of this class.

The first volume deals with the elements, in the primitive meaning of the word, with earth, air, and water. But in spite of its elementary nature, it covers an area of much ignorance; for the immense amount of study that has been given to soil in recent years has shown how very complex and mysterious a thing it is, and the weather, on the study of which even more money has been spent, is still largely unpredictable and altogether uncontrollable. The second volume deals with the crops of the farm: their varieties, characteristics, cultivation, protection from diseases and enemies, methods of marketing, etc., each plant or group of plants being discussed in a section by itself. There is a general introduction on vegetable life, explaining the botanical terms used; and the following volume, devoted to farm animals, has a similar chapter on physiology. Stock feeding, dairying, and animal breeding have also special chapters in this volume.

But the farmer himself is not forgotten. The fourth volume, recently published, is devoted to him, and to his wife and children. It must have offered the greatest difficulty to the editors, and it is not to their discredit to say that this volume does not equal the others in compactness, arrangement, and completeness. In dealing with the animal and vegetable products of the farm, the editors were following smooth-beaten roads, but in this they were on new ground. Physics, botany, and geology are well developed sciences, but sociology, especially farm sociology, is in an immature state. Volume IV, however, contains more that one cannot find elsewhere, even though it does not contain all that one would like to find in it. A chapter on the history of American agriculture from aboriginal times opens the book, and a collection of brief biographies of the men who have taken a prominent part in the making of that history forms its close. A great deal of space is given to the scope and work of the agricultural colleges and to other forms of education and research. The national and State laws relating to pure foods, animal inspection, the sale of fertilizers, the control of the forests, and the preservation of game are summarized and discussed. There are more "live wires" in this volume than in any other, even the one on animal-breeding; but they are handled deftly. Coöperation among farmers for marketing or purchasing; abandoned farms and their meaning; the policy of forest preservation; the influence of machinery; tenantry; mortgages; the drift city-ward; the country church; the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance; mutual fire insurance and telephone companies; roads and canals—such questions as these, the discussion of which is usually tinged with emotion, are here treated with fairness, although not always with thoroughness. Among chapters conspicuously absent is one on the effect of the tariff on the farmer. One of the most valuable chapters of this volume, because it deals with a question of vital importance to the arid West, is that on irrigation policies, which gives an account of the long struggle for the overthrow of the old common-law doctrine of riparian rights. This struggle has involved as many lives and fortunes as some historic wars, yet its significance has not been understood outside of the regions practically concerned. According to common law, water taken from a stream must be returned to it undiminished in quantity and unaltered in quality; but this

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would, of course, prevent irrigation altogether, so that there has been an evolution of legal opinion in the irrigated States to the view that the water, like other property, may belong to individuals, and, finally, that it should belong to the State. This is only one instance among many that might be cited of topics here treated which are of general interest but not elsewhere accessible to the general reader. For the "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture" is not a work for the college library alone. Any intelligent farmer will find it a profitable investment, and it will be of service to all who have occasion to look up information on commercial, sociological, or scientific subjects connected with agriculture.

After looking over the last volume we regret that Congress, which is usually so lavish in the publication of agricultural documents, should not have found it possible to give to the people the report on the conditions of farm life prepared by President Roosevelt's commission, of which Professor Bailey was a member.

"Consumption, Its Prevention and Cure," by Dr. C. H. S. Davis (New York: E. B. Treat & Co.), is the enlarged second edition of a work, with slightly different title, which appears to have found its public. It is a small book, just over two hundred pages, giving a popular account of the disease and its treatment, particular stress being laid on the relative futility of drugging and the importance of dietetic and hygienic measures. Three appendices give lists of sanatoria, brief and uncertain tables of the composition of some foods, and a discussion of diets which is not always judicious.

A monthly list of the published maps and charts of all parts of the world is now to be found in Petermann's *Mitteilungen*. The April number contains in addition a useful index chart in eleven sections, showing the location and character, as topographic, geologic, statistical, and oceanic, of the publications of the first three months of this year.

Albert P. Watson, who drove the first bolt in the ironclad Monitor, and for some years was on the editorial staff of the *Scientific American*, died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., June 22, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Watson founded the *Mechanical Engineer* in 1881, and he continued its publication for sixteen years. He was one of the founders of the Republican party in New York, stumping the State for Fremont and Dayton.

Drama and Music.

A NATIONAL THEATRE FOR SPAIN.

National theatres appear to be the order of the day. England is struggling for one, and though our own latest project in this city calls itself only New, its promoters hope that it may one day be spelled National. In Spain, they order these things differently: private enterprise waits on government action. If a Spanish National Theatre cannot be created, as was the French, by a Moscow decree, it at least requires initiative by the Cortes. This has already been had. Each house of the Spanish Parliament has passed a bill of its own to establish a National Theatre, but the two measures were unlike, and a mixed commission—officials, actors, literary men, Galdós among the last—has been appointed to harmonize their differences. A statute of eleven articles has now been agreed upon, and promises to become the charter of the new theatrical institution in Spain.

The project calls, in the first place, for a competition among Spanish architects to secure the best plans for the new building, alongside which is to stand a conservatory for the training of actors. A society of actors is to be organized, whose rights and dignities will be secure. They are to give theatrical productions in Madrid for at least six months each year, and their repertory is to consist mainly of Spanish classics, with the best of contemporary plays written in the Peninsula, foreign dramas to be given only sparingly. One provision is that, during the dramatic off-season, the National Theatre may be used to produce works in any language spoken in Spain. This looks directly to the Catalan theatre, in which there has been so much interest of recent years. Whenever a vacancy occurs in the national society of actors, the place is to be filled by competitive tests. At the head of the whole organization will stand a director appointed by the government. In that stipulation lies an obvious danger. A mere bureau chief at the head of the National Theatre might have the fatal effect of making it "official" in the worst sense of the word.

In this whole scheme we have, plainly, no attempt to make bricks without straw. In Spain, they are not deluded by the money-fallacy. They know that, to produce a National Theatre, they must have a supply of highly trained and versatile actors, together with skilled and successful playwrights. In both these items, Spaniards can point to a long and honorable tradition. It is needless to dwell upon the glories and the influence of Spanish dramatic literature. That is a commonplace with the literary historians. But the supply of living drama has not given out. There has been a distinct revival within the past thirty years. When G. H. Lewes wrote of the Spanish theatre in 1867, he found it in a period of decadence; yet even then he was forced to admire the sound and fine tradition of Spanish acting. But a renaissance in Spanish playwriting soon followed. Without the achievements of such dramatists as Ayala, Tamayo y Baus, Galdós, and, above all, Echegaray, we may be sure that the impetus to found a National Theatre would have been wanting.

The Spanish stage has always had more inherent merit than outward recognition. Cervantes's own description of the scanty outfit of actors in his day, and of the cheap settings of the theatre, is to be found in one of his prologues:

> The whole apparatus of an *autor* [at once writer, actor, and manager] was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheep-skins trimmed with gilt leather, together with four false beards and wigs, and four walking-sticks, more or less. . . . The stage itself was composed of four benches, forming a square, with four or six planks placed upon them. The back scene consisted of an old blanket which could be pulled by cords to one side or the other.

It is said that a modern Spanish theatre in Madrid—either the Español or the Real—stands to-day upon the very site where Lope de Rueda used to entrance the public from such a rude stage as that described by Cervantes. The play was the thing—and the actor—not rich costumes and elaborate scenery. To support the latter, an appeal has often to be made to the luxurious classes, whose demands do not make for the best development of native talent. Thus in the Teatro Real at Madrid to-day, which could not live upon its small government subvention without the patronage of fashionable society, the reigning taste has compelled the production of a vast amount of Italian opera and foreign drama. It is expected that the new National Theatre will change all that.

We do not know that the Spanish stage boasts to-day any actors of supereminent fame, but it possesses a large body of performers fitted by long and arduous training in their art to undertake the exacting labors of a repertory theatre. Lewes pointed out that the national taste in the matter of acting was "healthy." This being so, any exceptional talent that might present itself would find the arena ready for it. On the Spanish stage one does not see coarse buffoonery or ranting violence. A demonstrative and gesticulating race lays a greater restraint upon its actors than do the colder English. The fun made by a Spanish comedian comes from words and looks, not from bizarre dress and facial distortions. Turbulent exaggeration is never shown by the Spanish players who are able to assume a hundred rôles. They speak, not mouth. And if their method may be sneered at as the "drawing-room style," that may at least be preferred to the "barn style." All told, therefore, the experiment of a Spanish National Theatre, involving the preliminary existence of competent actors and an abundant supply of plays, may furnish one proof more of what a "dying nation" has to teach its complacent patronizers in matters of art.

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With excellent judgment the second play chosen to be acted in the Harvard Stadium was Schiller's "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," and for its performance on Tuesday evening of last week the place was transformed into the battlefields of France. The event was for the benefit of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, and the participants were Miss Maude Adams and a company of players selected from the diverse forces at the command of Charles Frohman. It was given in the English version of Miss Anna Swanwick, with additions and alterations by George Sylvester Viereck. It was more of a pageant than a play, more of a spectacle than a dramatic performance, a thousand supernumerary players having been chosen and drilled to take part in the battle scenes and the other events. Some of these were trained riders, skilled in cavalry exercises, some were selected to form the soldiery and bowmen of the armies of France and England, while others represented the French peasantry of the fifteenth century. Enormous searchlights gave a night as brilliant as day, and the sky roofed in the Stadium in a manner that made perfect the illusion of a vast enclosed space. The entrances and the exits of the players, principals and supernumeraries, were not merely from behind the stage-settings, but as well from openings that pierced the lower wall of buttressed stone steps upon which sat the audience. In this way advance and retreat of vast crowds were accomplished in almost the twinkling of an eye. Miss Adams, in the rôle of Joan of Arc, was no vigorous peasant girl, such as the real Joan of Arc may have been. She was Schiller's Joan of Arc, a fragile, spiritual maiden sent by Heaven to free her country and enthrone her king. It was evident that her mission was a miraculous one, that she herself was a miraculous figure dominated by human instincts. So much was due to Miss Adams's personality. Her voice carried throughout the full extent of the amphitheatre, and with the assistance of her companions, she made the play audibly as well as visually understandable. Singularly enough, although "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" is one of the most famous of Schiller's plays, it has never before, so far as recollection and records serve, been performed in English in this country.

Not only violins, but concert halls and opera houses improve with age. When the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was first opened, the acoustics were certainly less good than they are now, though they still leave much to be desired. The director of the Paris Opéra, M. Gailhard, made the remarkable discovery that a tuning fork which could be heard distinctly when the auditorium was darkened became inaudible when the lights were turned on. Does this speak in favor of the plan of giving concerts in a darkened hall and the Wagnerian habit of turning down the lights? The ancients seem to have known some acoustic secrets that are now lost. The theatre of Tauremonium, for instance, had seats for 30,000 spectators, yet the actors could be heard distinctly by all.

For the second time the Czar has allowed his Imperial ballet to visit Berlin. Ballet dancing has not been much in favor in the German metropolis of late years; it has shared the fate of the old-fashioned operas with which it was chiefly associated. But this Russian ballet is a very different thing from the usual operatic tiptoe dancing. The girls and youths engaged for it have to go through a severe course of training, lasting several years. They are taught a rhythmic precision of which ordinary dancers have not the remotest conception; they pay attention to the slightest accents in the music; the least member of the corps does things that one ordinarily expects only of famous solo dancers. Ballet dancing like this has never been seen in America.

Isidore de Lara has written another opera, called "Solea," which was recently performed for the first time, in Paris. The libretto is by Jean Richepin, and the story, laid in the middle ages, is that of a gypsy girl who falls in love with a Christian knight.

The Mozart festival at Munich this summer (July 31 to August 8) will consist of six performances, under Felix Mottl. "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro" will be given twice each, "The Abduction from the Harem" once, and "Cosi fan tutte" once.

The principal musical and social event of the last musical *temporada* in Buenos Ayres was the opening of the new Colon Opera House. It has a larger stage than any other theatre in the world, and room for 3,000 spectators. Good seats are provided for those who cannot pay the highest prices, and the auditorium is constructed on such broad lines that none of the seats are too far away from the stage. The opening opera was "Aïda," under Mancinelli. Among the other works produced was a new opera, "Aurora," by the Argentine composer, Hector Ganizza, written specially for the occasion at the request of the government. The music is in the Italian style, and there are said to be some effective numbers.

Lucien-Joseph-Edouard Hillemacher, the composer, has died in Paris at the age of forty-nine. He was educated at the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1880 won the Prix de Rome and two years later the Prix de la Ville de Paris. His operas are: "Loreley," "Saint Mégrin," "Une Aventure d'Arlequin," "Le Drac," "Orsola," and "Circé."

Art.

The Tomb of Siphtah: The Monkey Tomb and the Gold Tomb. The Discovery of the Tombs, by Theodore M. Davis. *King Siphtah and Queen Tauosrit*, by Gaston Maspero. *The Excavations of* 1905-1907, by Edward Ayrton. *Catalogue of the Objects Discovered*, by George Daressy. Illustrations in color, by E. Harold Jones. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Das Grabdenkmal des Königs Ne-user-re. By Ludwig Borchardt. With 143 figures in the text, 24 black and white and 4 colored plates. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrich'sche Buchhandlung.

Works of Art from the Egyptian Museum at Cairo. By Ludwig Borchardt. New York: Bruno Hessling, Ltd.

Recueil de Monuments Egyptiens. By Jean Capart. 1ère et 2ème séries. Brussels: Vromant & Cie.

Une Rue de Tombeaux à Saqqarah. By Jean Capart. 2 vols. Brussels: Vromont & Cie.

Our knowledge of the amazing fecundity and our respect for the exquisite taste of the Egyptian artist-craftsmen are constantly increased by the excavations of Theodore M. Davis in the valley of the Kings' Tombs at Thebes. His latest volume presents the discoveries in three important new tombs, besides that of the already known tomb of Mentuherkhepshef. The new tomb of King Siphtah reveals chiefly a number of wall paintings of surprising beauty for this decadent age at the close of the nineteenth dynasty. In an adjacent sepulchre, far below the level of the freshets in the valley, and covered with the mud carried in by the waters, where most excavators would have abandoned the work in a tomb evidently unfinished and unused, the excavations disclosed embedded in the mud a magnificent set of regalia in gold and silver, once worn by Queen Tewosret at the close of the nineteenth dynasty toward the end of the thirteenth century before Christ. It would be impossible even to catalogue these superb ornaments in the space at our disposal. Besides two sumptuous and complex golden ear-ornaments, which are too large and elaborate to be termed pendants or ear-rings, there are a pair of silver bracelets and eight splendid gold finger-rings bearing the names of Seti II, Queen Tewosret, and Ramses II. These rings were found by Mr. Davis in silver gloves or hand-coverings which had evidently once covered the hands of Queen Tewosret in death. A golden diadem of the queen is built up of a series of rosette-like flowers, distributed along a gold band, recalling the tiara on the statue of the Princess Nofret in Cairo. A superb necklace of spherical openwork beads, each bead built up of a series of tiny tangent wire circles, exhibits taste and workmanship of which any modern goldsmith might be proud. The sumptuous form in which they are published always makes the discoveries at Mr. Davis's excavations of especial value to students of art and archæology.

Ludwig Borchardt has given us more than one important discovery in the art of Egypt, the most notable being the complete reconstruction of an original pyramid-complex on the basis of his recent excavations at Abusir. Many good people still look upon the Great Pyramid as a ruined granary of Joseph, or a repository for standards of weights and measures, or an epitome of the

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world's history, past and yet to come, or even an exposition of the fundamental laws of the mechanics of the universe. The books of Seiss and Piazzi Smith are very far from having lost their influence among us. Borchardt's excavations, however, have made it possible to reconstruct with great accuracy the splendid and imposing complex which formed the tomb of Pharaoh. The shining pyramid in spotless limestone crowned the desert cliff above, while on its eastern side, facing the rising sun, rose a massive temple where the mortuary ritual of the departed Pharaoh was unceasingly carried on, supported by an endowment left by the king on his death. This group of pyramid and mortuary temple on the margin of the desert-plateau was reached from below by a long covered causeway of limestone, which dropped by slow descent from the desert to the lower alluvial plain, on the margin of which the causeway terminated within the walls of the royal city. Here the townward entrance to the causeway was adorned with a magnificent monumental portal, a colonnaded porticus. The colonnades found by Borchardt in these buildings supplementary to the pyramid are the earliest yet discovered in the history of architecture. They demonstrate beyond a doubt that the origin of the colonnade belongs to Egypt, and effectually dispose of another of the preposterous claims of the Pan-Babylonians, who would derive everything in the ancient world from Babylonia. Borchardt's elaborate publication of these results will long remain the standard of excellence to be attained in the presentation of such materials.

Many visitors in Cairo, spending never-to-be-forgotten days in the Museum there, or wandering among the shops and bazars, look in vain for satisfactory reproductions of the monuments, especially the sculpture and other works of art in the great national collection. It is a common remark that the Museum at Cairo is the most wonderful collection of the works of early man in existence. An adequate publication of its most notable treasures is, therefore, to be greatly welcomed. Herr Borchardt has made a careful selection of the leading objects, the reproductions are well done by a photographic process, and a sufficient text has been added to make the subjects intelligble. The volumes should be in every library and art museum.

One of the great difficulties in the presentation of Oriental art in the classroom has been the lack of graphic materials. This want will be largely met by M. Capart's excellent selection of Egyptian sculpture presented in his "Recueil." The plates are the best that modern mechanical processes can produce; the text is carefully done, and has assembled the necessary bibliography concerned.

In his "Rue de Tombeaux" M. Capart also gives us the interesting reliefs in an entire series of Old Kingdom tombs disclosed in the excavations of Loret. The series is of unusual importance, perhaps the most notable among them being the representation of a surgical operation some 4,500 years ago. The victim, or patient, who is undergoing the ordeal of circumcision, is held by the surgeon's assistant. The surgeon's words of caution to the latter, not to let the patient move, are recorded over the scene. These reliefs are also important in furnishing examples of the two schools of Egyptian sculpture, which as in the Italian renaissance are so evident; the one depicting its subjects in a distant, formal, official and conventional manner; the other preferring an intimate, personal, informal and unconventional style, much more warm and human. Both these works of M. Capart are indispensable to the art library.

An exceptionally fine villa has been discovered on private land within 600 feet of the point in Pompeii where the government is now working. It contains several rooms decorated with great elegance, and a large triclinium in the best Pompeian style. On the walls of this triclinium are a number of figures a little less than life-size, admirably done. One group represents Silenus offering a drink to a man who bends before him and eagerly presses the cup to his lips. On another wall a figure stands before a prone female figure, possibly an Ariadne, but this fresco is damaged. On the third wall, a large winged Victory appears striking a female figure, who tries to avoid her blows, while a third kneels, praying to the goddess to pardon the guilty one; and a fourth, standing behind, urges her on with clashing cymbals. The expression of these figures, the brightness of the colors, and the truth and lightness of their movements, are said to be extraordinary. A rich cornice, containing a beautiful and original design of maskers, runs around this room.

Jacques Rosenthal of Munich announces as forthcoming an unusually interesting work for art students. It is entitled "Der Münchener Boccaccio: Reproduction der herrlichen, teilweise dem Jean Fouquet zugeschriebenen Miniaturen des berühmten Manuscripts der Kgl. Hof- und Staatsbibliothek zu München" (91 Miniaturen auf 28 Tafeln in Heliogravüre und ausführliche französische Erklärung), by Count Paul Durrieu, member of the Institut de France and Honorary Conservator of the Louvre. Of this fine work 300 copies will be issued on glued *Büttenpapier* at 100 marks per copy, and 25 copies on extra fine Japanese paper at 200 marks.

Lewis F. Day has recast his "Nature in Ornament," published in 1891, into two volumes, under the general title of "Nature and Ornament." The first volume, Nature the Raw Material of Design, is now published by B. T. Batsford, London (imported by Scribner), and is to be followed by "Ornament the Product of Nature." We have found the drawings of plants, mainly by Miss Foord, much more interesting than the text, which deals with generalities that are hardly glittering.

William Verplanck Birney, A.N.A., the painter of hunting scenes, died suddenly June 22 at Saratoga. He was born in Cincinnati in 1858. He studied in Boston under Walter Smith at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, in Philadelphia under Thomas Eakins at the Pennsylvania Academy, and at the Royal Academy, Munich, under Julius Benzur and Wilhelm Lindenschmidt. When he was twenty-six he opened a studio in New York, and he was for three years an instructor at the Cooper Institute.

William T. Trego, a portrait painter and sculptor, was found dead at his home in North Wales, June 24. He was fifty-one years old. One of his most popular pictures is "Rescue of the Colors," purchased by John Wanamaker, and presented to the Bucks County, Pa., Historical Society.

Finance.

MIDSUMMER MARKETS.

Writing on the French stock market, a well-known financial critic of Paris remarked, a couple of weeks ago:

The state of mind now prevalent on the Bourse gives cause for reflection. Every day a new and different stock is pushed up, and the attempt succeeds easily. Nobody asks what is the basis of the rise; that would look foolish. A stock advances because people said it was going to advance. The more absurd the movement seems, the more it impresses the speculative mind. Bears are transformed into bulls, yielding to a force which they deem all the more irresistible because they cannot imagine what is the cause of it. It is the savage worshipping fire. For let nobody deceive himself, the psychology of Stock Exchange speculation is still rudimentary.

But the Paris speculation halted as suddenly as it had begun, and, apparently, a midsummer apathy has spread over the speculative market. The same thing has occurred in London, where an excited speculation in South African mine shares lately raged. In New York, too, the market showed signs of coming weariness. This may have been

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partly because promised news did not materialize. The French government intervened to obstruct the listing of United States Steel shares on the Paris Bourse—partly, it was reported, because of technical irregularities, but partly also because of the rather natural protest of the iron-masters of France against officially inviting French capital into the stock of a competitive foreign combination in the trade. The directors of the Reading Railroad, whose stock had risen 20 or 30 points on reports that the annual dividend would be increased from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum, held their semi-annual meeting and decided against an increase.

On top of all, the critical period of the crops approached, and eminent financiers—some of them identified in public rumor with the recent extravagant speculation—began to plan for their summer vacations. Wall Street then began to say that the dull midsummer season was at hand. It is true, the Stock Exchange did not at once give up its toys. Early last week, it reported Mr. Harriman's physical condition to be desperate, the Sugar Trust to be about to be dissolved by Federal suit, and the proposed corporation tax to be a menace of the first order to investment interests, and stocks broke 3 or 4 points. A few days later, Union Pacific preferred stock rose 7 points in two days, with "rumors" of a "coming deal," and fell 8 points when the rumors had had their effect, the general market moving with it. Yet nobody took either demonstration seriously. Midsummer dulness was actually here, despite the pretended activity on the Stock Exchange.

But will it last throughout midsummer? If hot weather, light business, and vacations are the causes of it, then such a result would seem logical enough. Yet they were quite as logical last year, and, in fact, July, 1908, began with Stock Exchange sales at the lowest level in a dozen years. The next week saw apathy suddenly thrown aside, and a vigorous speculation for the rise begun. Throughout the month the activity increased. In August, the rise continued buoyantly until well towards the close. During seven midsummer weeks, advances such as 19¾ points in Union Pacific, 14 in St. Paul, 18 in Amalgamated Copper, and 11¼ in Steel common occurred.

The summer of 1907 was also one of activity on the Stock Exchange, although in another direction. Prices fell rapidly under the pressure of forced liquidation which began in March and culminated in October. Union Pacific fell 21 points in July and August, St. Paul 16, Reading 18, Amalgamated Copper 14, and so on.

Of the summer of 1906, the story is well remembered. July was a month of comparative dulness until near its close, when there was an aggressive upward movement in prices. On the last day, resumption of the Steel Corporation's common dividend was announced, and the general advance was carried along with spirit. Then came August 17, with the famous announcement of the Harriman dividends, and all this time the Union Pacific treasury was secretly buying its $131,000,000 worth of stocks. The movement of the market thereafter is well known.

Is the summer of 1909 to make a fourth in this interesting series? We shall see evidences, one way or the other, before many weeks have passed.

The fourth edition of Charles A. Conant's "History of Modern Banks of Issue" (Putnams) is a revision of a valuable work, first published in 1896, and now brought up to the end of 1908. The new edition contains 142 additional pages, partly made up of a much more elaborate discussion of banking and exchange in the Orient, partly of new matter in the other chapters, extending the historical narrative. Thus, the currency bills proposed in 1908 by Mr. Fowler and Senator Aldrich are fully discussed, and the operations of the Imperial Bank of Germany during the world-wide "money squeeze" of 1906, and of the Bank of Japan since the panic of 1907, round out the preceding narrative. It is somewhat to be regretted that Mr. Conant did not also treat more fully the recent policy of the Bank of England. The attitude of the governors of that institution, when the joint-stock banks lost their heads in 1906 over the financing of speculative Wall Street, and the history of that institution's reserve during the panicky recourse of New York to England's gold supply in the last months of 1907, have a highly interesting bearing on the bank's position in international finance. The book remains the most complete and serviceable authority on the general question of banks of issue; the bringing of the statistical tables up to date, in this edition, adds materially to its value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Catalogue of The Macomber Collection of Chinese Pottery. Compiled by John Getz. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts.

Dunn, Joseph. La Vie de Saint Patrice. Paris: H. Champion.

Eiloart, Arnold. No Rheumatism. London: A. C. Fifield.

English Prose. Selected by John Matthews Manly. Ginn & Co. $1.50.

Gulick, Charlotte Vetter. Emergencies: Book II. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.

Hankin, St. John. The Last of the De Mullins: A Play without a Preface. London: A. C. Fifield.

Hanotaux, Gabriel. Contemporary France. Translated by E. Sparvel-Bayly. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

Haverford Essays: Studies in Modern Literature. Prepared by some former pupils of Prof. Francis B. Gummere. Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. $1.25.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. The Half Moon: A Romance of the Old World and the New. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Magnus, Laurie. English Literature in the Nineteenth Century. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Mallory, Herbert S. Tempered Steel. Fenno & Co.

Morrice, Rev. J. C. A Manual of Welsh Literature. Bangor, North Wales: Jarvis & Foster.

Morris, James Cheston. Kosmos: A Poem from the Proverbs of Solomon. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.

Morton, Fred A. Winning a Living on Four Acres. London: A. C. Fifield.

Oldmeadow, Ernest Antonio. The Century Co. $1.30 net.

Qui Etes-vous? Annuaire des Contemporains Français & Etrangers 1909-1910. Lemcke & Buechner.

Roland & Marie Phlipon: Lettres D'Amour (1777 à 1780). Introduction by Claude Perroud. Paris: Librairie Alphonse Picard & Fils.

Roosevelt, Theodore. Stories of the Great West. The Century Co. 60 cents net.

Russell, T. Baron. Science at Home: Simple Experiments for Young People, Fenno & Co. 75 cents.

Salt, Henry S. Tennyson as a Thinker. London: A. C. Fifield.

Sparrow, W. Shaw. The English House: How to Judge its Periods and Styles. John Lane. $2 net.

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising His Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected by John Bassett Moore. Vol. VIII. 1848-1853. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Accounts of the City of New York, for the Year Ended December 31, 1908.

Thomson, William Hanna. What Is Physical Life, Its Origin and Nature. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Williams, Henry Smith. Alcohol: How It Affects the Individual, the Community, and the Race. The Century Co. 50 cents net.

READY THIS WEEK.

A striking novel by **Mrs. R. S. Garnett**, daughter-in-law of the late Dr. Richard Garnett.

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